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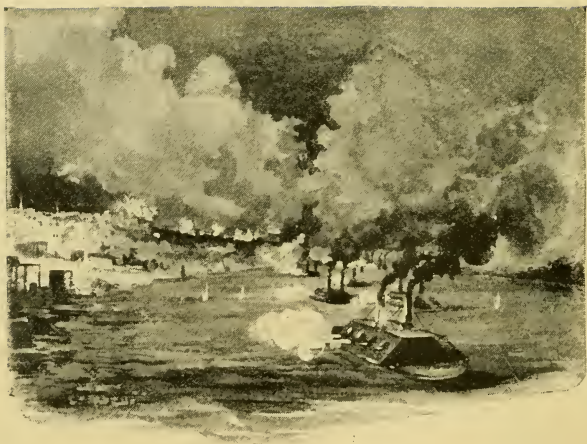


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RUNNING THE BATTERIES.

AMERICAN WAR BALLADS
AND LYRICS

*A COLLECTION OF THE SONGS AND BALLADS OF THE
COLONIAL WARS, THE REVOLUTION, THE WAR
OF 1812-15, THE WAR WITH MEXICO
AND THE CIVIL WAR*

EDITED BY

GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON

VOLUME II.



NEW YORK AND LONDON

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

The Knickerbocker Press

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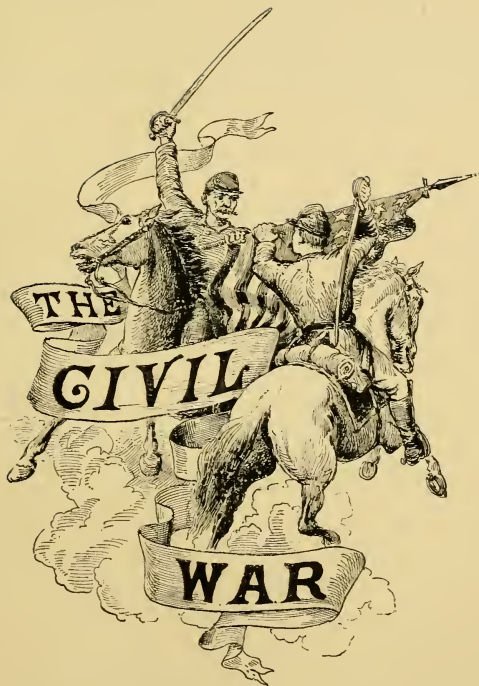
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Typogravures by W. Kurtz.



PART II.

I

SOUTHEASTERN MASSACHUSETTS TECHNOLOGICAL INSTITUTE



LYON.

BY HENRY PETERSON.

SING, bird, on green Missouri's plain,
Thy saddest song of sorrow ;
Drop tears, O clouds, in gentlest rain
Ye from the winds can borrow ;
Breathe out, ye winds, your softest sigh,
Weep, flowers, in dewy splendor,
For him who knew well how to die,
But never to surrender !

Up rose serene the August sun
Upon that day of glory ;
Up curled from musket and from gun
The war-cloud gray and hoary.
It gathered like a funeral pall
Now broken and now blended,
Where rang the bugle's angry call,
And rank with rank contended.

Four thousand men, as brave and true
As e'er went forth in daring,
Upon the foe that morning threw
The strength of their despairing.
They feared not death—men bless the field
That patriot soldiers die on—
Fair Freedom's cause was sword and shield,
And at their head was Lyon !

The leader's troubled soul looked forth
From eyes of troubled brightness ;
Sad soul ! the burden of the North
Had pressed out all its lightness.
He gazed upon the unequal fight,
His ranks all rent and gory,
And felt the shadows close like night
Round his career of glory.

“ General, come lead us ! ” loud the cry
From a brave band was ringing—
“ Lead us, and we will stop, or die,
That battery's awful singing.”
He spurred to where his heroes stood,
Twice wounded—no wound knowing—
The fire of battle in his blood
And on his forehead glowing.

Oh, cursed for aye that traitor's hand,
And cursed that aim so deadly,
Which smote the bravest of the land,
And dyed his bosom redly !
Serene he lay, while past him prest
The battle's furious billow,
As calmly as a babe may rest
Upon its mother's pillow.

So Lyon died ! and well may flowers
His place of burial cover,
For never had this land of ours
A more devoted lover.
Living, his country was his pride,
His life he gave her dying ;
Life, fortune, love—he naught denied
To her and to her sighing.

Rest, patriot, in thy hillside grave,
Beside her form who bore thee !
Long may the land thou diedst to save
Her bannered stars wave o'er thee !
Upon her history's brightest page,
And on Fame's glowing portal,
She 'll write thy grand, heroic rage
And grave thy name immortal,



MY MARYLAND.

BY JAMES R. RANDALL.

THE despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland!

His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland!

Avenge the patriotic gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle queen of yore,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Hark to an exiled son's appeal,
Maryland!

My Mother State, to thee I kneel,
Maryland!

For life or death, for woe or weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland !
Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland !
Remember Carroll's sacred trust,
Remember Howard's warlike thrust,
And all thy slumberers with the just,
Maryland, my Maryland !

Come ! 'tis the red dawn of the day,
Maryland !
Come with thy panoplied array.
Maryland !
With Ringgold's spirit for the fray,
With Watson's blood at Monterey,
With fearless Lowe and dashing May,
Maryland, my Maryland !

Dear Mother, burst the tyrant's chain,
Maryland !
Virginia should not call in vain,
Maryland !
She meets her sisters on the plain,
"*Sic semper !*" 't is the proud refrain
That baffles minions back amain,
Maryland !
Arise in majesty again,
Maryland, my Maryland !

Come ! for thy shield is bright and strong,
Maryland !

Come ! for thy dalliance does thee wrong,
Maryland !

Come to thine own heroic throng
Stalking with liberty along,
And chant thy dauntless slogan-song,
Maryland, my Maryland !

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland !
But thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland !
But lo ! there surges forth a shriek,
From hill to hill, from creek to creek,
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
Maryland, my Maryland !

Thou wilt not yield the Vandal toll,
Maryland !
Thou wilt not crook to his control,
Maryland !
Better the fire upon thee roll,
Better the shot, the blade, the bowl,
Than crucifixion of the soul,
Maryland, my Maryland !

I hear the distant thunder-hum
Maryland!
The "Old Line's" bugle, fife, and drum,
Maryland!
She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb;
Huzza! she spurns the Northern scum—
She breathes! She burns! She 'll come! She 'll come!
Maryland, my Maryland!

[Southern.]





BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

By JULIA WARD HOWE.

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the
Lord ;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of
wrath are stored ;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift
sword :

His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling
camps ;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and
damps ;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring
lamps ;

His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnish'd rows of steel ;
 "As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace
 shall deal" ;

Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his
 heel,

Since God is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call
 retreat ;

He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-
 seat ;

Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him ! be jubilant, my
 feet !

Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
 With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me :
 As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men
 free,

While God is marching on.

November, 1861.



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THE PICKET GUARD.

BY ETHEL LYNN BEERS.

“ALL quiet along the Potomac,” they say,
“Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat, to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.
'T is nothing—a private or two, now and then,
Will not count in the news of the battle ;
Not an officer lost—only one of the men,
Moaning out, all alone, the death-rattle.”

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming ;
Their tents, in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
Or the light of the watch-fires, are gleaming.
A tremulous sigh, as the gentle night wind
Through the forest leaves softly is creeping ;
While stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard—for the army is sleeping.

There 's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,

And thinks of the two in the low trundle bed
Far away in the cot on the mountain.
His musket falls slack—his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep—
For their mother—may Heaven defend her !

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then,
That night, when the love yet unspoken—
Leaped up to his lips—when low-murmured vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken.
Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun closer up to its place
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine tree—
The footstep is lagging and weary ;
Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,
Towards the shades of the forest so dreary.
Hark ! was it the night wind that rustled the leaves ?
Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing ?
It looks like a rifle—ah ! “ Mary, good-bye ! ”
And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
No sound save the rush of the river ;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead—
The picket's off duty forever.



THE COUNTERSIGN.

[In his admirably edited collection of poems of the civil war, entitled "Bugle Echoes," Mr. Francis F. Browne introduces this poem with the following note :

"There has been no little dispute as to the authorship of this poem. The *Philadelphia Press*, in 1861, said it was 'written by a private in Company G, Stuart's engineer regiment, at Camp Lesley, near Washington.' But it may now be stated positively that it was written by a Confederate soldier, still living. The poem is usually printed in a very imperfect form, with the fourth, fifth, and sixth stanzas omitted. The third line of the fifth stanza affords internal evidence of Southern origin."—EDITOR.]



THE COUNTERSIGN.

A LAS! the weary hours pass slow,
The night is very dark and still ;
And in the marshes far below
I hear the bearded whippoorwill ;

I scarce can see a yard ahead,
My ears are strained to catch each sound ;
I hear the leaves about me shed,
And the spring's bubbling through the ground.

Along the beaten path I pace,
Where white rays mark my sentry's track ;
In formless shrubs I seem to trace
The foeman's form with bending back,
I think I see him crouching low ;
I stop and list—I stoop and peer,
Until the neighboring hillocks grow
To groups of soldiers far and near.

With ready piece I wait and watch,
Until my eyes, familiar grown,
Detect each harmless earthen notch,
And turn guerrillas into stone ;
And then, amid the lonely gloom,
Beneath the tall old chestnut trees,
My silent marches I resume,
And think of other times than these.

Sweet visions through the silent night !
The deep bay windows fringed with vine,
The room within, in softened light,
The tender, milk-white hand in mine ;

The timid pressure, and the pause
That often overcame our speech—
The time when by mysterious laws
We each felt all in all to each.

And then that bitter, bitter day,
When came the final hour to part ;
When, clad in soldier's honest gray,
I pressed her weeping to my heart ;
Too proud of me to bid me stay,
Too fond of me to let me go,
I had to tear myself away,
And left her, stolid in my woe.

So rose the dream, so passed the night—
When, distant in the darksome glen,
Approaching up the sombre height
I heard the solid march of men ;
Till over stubble, over sward,
And fields where lay the golden sheaf,
I saw the lantern of the guard
Advancing with the night relief.

“Halt ! Who goes there ?” my challenge cry,
It rings along the watchful line ;
“Relief !” I hear a voice reply ;
“Advance, and give the countersign !”

With bayonet at the charge I wait—
The corporal gives the mystic spell ;
With arms apart I charge my mate,
Then onward pass, and all is well.

But in the tent that night awake,
I ask, if in the fray I fall,
Can I the mystic answer make
When the angelic sentries call ?
And pray that Heaven may so ordain,
Whene'er I go, what fate be mine,
Whether in pleasure or in pain,
I still may have the countersign

[Southern.]





JONATHAN TO JOHN.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

[This poem is a part of the second series of "The Bigelow Papers," a work wholly unmatched in the literature of humor, that has an earnest purpose and well matured thought for its sources of inspiration. The poem was called forth by what is known as "the *Trent* affair." Captain Wilkes, commanding the United States man-of-war, *San Jacinto*, boarded the British mail steamer *Trent* on the 8th of November, 1861, and took from her the Confederate commissioners Mason and Slidell. Great Britain resented the act, and for a time there was serious apprehension of war between that country and the United States; but as the seizure of the commissioners on board a neutral vessel was deemed to be an act in violation of international law, the Government at Washington, after inquiry into the facts,

surrendered the prisoners. The version of the poem here given is a correct one, taken from the collected edition of Mr. Lowell's poems. An abridged and otherwise imperfect version is given in many collections.—
EDITOR.]





JONATHAN TO JOHN.

I T don't seem hardly right, John,
When both my hands was full,
To stump me to a fight, John,—
Your cousin, tu, John Bull !
Ole Uncle S., sez he, " I guess
We know it now," sez he,
" The Lion's paw is all the law,
Accordin' to J. B.,
Thet 's fit for you an' me ! "

You wonder why we 're hot, John ?
Your mark wuz on the guns,
The neutral guns, thet shot, John,
Our brothers an' our sons :
Ole Uncle S., sez he, " I guess
There 's human blood," sez he,
" By fits an' starts, in Yankee hearts,
Though 't may surprise J. B.
More 'n it would you an' me. "

Ef I turned mad dogs loose, John,
On *your* front parlor stairs,
Would it just meet your views, John,
To wait an' sue their heirs?
Ole Uncle S., sez he, "I guess,
I on'y guess," sez he,
"Thet ef Vattel on *his* toes fell,
'T would kind o' rile J. B.,
Ez wal ez you an' me!"

Who made the law thet hurts, John,
Heads I win—ditto tails?
"J. B." was on his shirts, John,
Unless my memory fails.
Ole Uncle S., sez he, "I guess
(I 'm good at thet)," sez he,
"Thet sauce for goose ain't *jest* the juice
For ganders with J. B.,
No more 'n with you or me!"

When your rights was our wrongs, John,
You did n't stop for fuss,—
Brittany's trident prongs, John,
Was good 'nough law for us.
Ole Uncle S., sez he, "I guess,
Though physic 's good," sez he,
"It does n't foller thet he can swaller
Prescriptions signed '*J. B.*'
Put up by you an' me."

We own the ocean, tu, John,
You mus' n' take it hard,
Ef we can't think with you, John,
It 's just your own back yard,
Ole Uncle S., sez he, "I guess
Ef *thet* 's his claim," sez he,
"The fencin' stuff 'll cost enough
To bust up friend J. B.
Ez wal ez you an' me!"

Why talk so dreffle big, John,
Of honor when it meant
You did n't care a fig, John,
But jest for *ten per cent*?
Ole Uncle S., sez he, "I guess
He 's like the rest," sez he ;
"When all is done, it 's number one
Thet 's nearest to J. B.,
Ez wal ez t' you an' me!"

We give the critters back, John,
Cos Abram thought 't was right ;
It warn't your bullyin' clack, John,
Provokin' us to fight.
Ole Uncle S., sez he, "I guess
We 've a hard row," sez he,
"To hoe just now ; but *thet*, somehow,
May happen to J. B.,
Ez wal ez you an' me!"

We ain't so weak an' poor, John,
With twenty million people,
An' close to every door, John,
A school house an' a steeple.
Ole Uncle S., sez he, "I guess
It is a fact," sez he,
"The surest plan to make a Man
Is, think him so, J. B.,
Ez much ez you or me!"

Our folks believe in Law, John ;
An' it 's fer her sake, now,
They 've left the axe an' saw, John,
The anvil an' the plow.
Ole Uncle S., sez he, "I guess,
Ef 't warn't fer law," sez he,
"There 'd be one shindy from here to Indy ;
An' *thet* don't suit J. B.
(When 't ain't 'twixt you an' me !)"

We know we 've got a cause, John,
Thet 's honest, just, an' true ;
We thought 't would win applause, John,
Ef nowhere else, from you,
Ole Uncle S., sez he, "I guess
His love of right," sez he,
"Hangs by a rotten fibre o' cotton ;
There 's natur' in J. B.,
Ez wal ez you an' me !"

The South says, "*Poor folks down!*" John,
An' "*All men up!*" say we,—
White, yaller, black, an' brown, John;
Now which is your idee?
Ole Uncle S., sez he, "I guess
John preaches wal," sez he;
"But, sermon thru, an' come to *du*,
Why there 's the old J. B.
A-crowdin' you an' me!"

Shall it be love or hate, John?
It 's you thet 's to decide;
Ain't *your* bonds held by Fate, John,
Like all the world's beside?
Ole Uncle S., sez he, "I guess
Wise men fergive," sez he,
"But not ferget; an' some time yet
Thet truth may strike J. B.,
Ez wal ez you an' me!"

God means to make this land, John,
Clear thru, from sea to sea,
Believe an' understand, John,
The *wuth* o' bein' free.
Ole Uncle S., sez he, "I guess
God's price is high," sez he;
"But nothin' else than wut he sells
Wears long, an' thet J. B.
May larn, like you an' me!"



THERE 'S LIFE IN THE OLD LAND YET.

BY JAMES R. RANDALL.

[First printed in the *Richmond Examiner*. Written while the author was in prison.]

BY the blue Patapsco's billowy dash
The tyrant's war-shout comes,
Along with cymbal's fitful clash,
And the growl of his sullen drums.
We hear it, we heed it with vengeful thrills,
And we shall not forgive or forget ;
There 's faith in the streams, there 's hope in the hills,
There 's life in the old land yet !

Minions ! we sleep but we are not dead ;
We are crushed, we are scourged, we are scarred ;
We crouch—'t is to welcome the triumph tread
Of the peerless Beauregard.
Then woe to your vile, polluting horde,
When the Southern braves are met ;
There 's faith in the victor's stainless sword,
There 's life in the old land yet !

Bigots ! ye quell not the valiant mind
With the clank of an iron chain ;
The spirit of freedom sings in the wind,
O'er Merriman, Thomas, and Kane ;
And we, though we smile not, are not thralls,—
Are piling a gory debt ;
While down by McHenry's dungeon walls
There's life in the old land yet !

Our women have hung their harps away,
And they scowl on your brutal bands,
While the nimble poniard dares the day,
In their dear, defiant hands.
They will strip their tresses to string our bows,
Ere the Northern sun is set ;
There's faith in their unrelenting woes,
There's life in the old land yet !

There's life, though it throbbeth in silent veins,—
'T is vocal without noise ;
It gushed o'er Manassas' solemn plains,
From the blood of the MARYLAND BOYS !
That blood shall cry aloud, and rise
With an everlasting threat ;
By the death of the brave, by the GOD in the skies,
There's life in the old land yet !

[Southern.]



NEVER OR NOW.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

LISTEN, young heroes ! your country is calling !
Time strikes the hour for the brave and the true !
Now, while the foremost are fighting and falling,
Fill up the ranks that have opened for you !

You whom the fathers made free and defended,
Stain not the scroll that emblazons their fame !
You whose fair heritage spotless descended,
Leave not your children a birthright of shame !

Stay not for questions while Freedom stands gasping !
Wait not till Honor lies wrapped in his pall !
Brief the lips' meeting be, swift the hands clasping :
" Off for the wars ! " is enough for them all.

Break from the arms that would fondly caress you !
Hark ! 't is the bugle-blast, sabres are drawn !
Mothers shall pray for you, fathers shall bless you,
Maidens shall weep for you when you are gone !

Never or now ! cries the blood of a nation,
Poured on the turf where the red rose should bloom ;
Now is the day and the hour of salvation,—
Never or now ! peals the trumpet of doom !

Never or now ! roars the hoarse-throated cannon
Through the black canopy blotting the skies ;
Never or now ! flaps the shell-blasted pennon
O'er the deep ooze where the *Cumberland* lies !

From the foul dens where our brothers are dying,
Aliens and foes in the land of their birth,—
From the rank swamps where our martyrs are lying,
Pleading in vain for a handful of earth,—

From the hot plains where they perish outnumbered,
Furrowed and ridged by the battle-field's plough,
Comes the loud summons ; too long you have slumbered,
Hear the last Angel-trump—Never or Now !

1862.





BOY BRITTAN.

(Battle of Fort Henry, Tenn., Feb. 6, 1862.)

BY FORCEYTHE WILLSON.

I.

BOY BRITTAN—only a lad—a fair-haired boy—sixteen,
In his uniform,
Into the storm—into the roaring jaws of grim Fort
Henry—
Boldly bears the Federal flotilla—
Into the battle storm!

II.

Boy Brittan is master's mate aboard of the *Essex*—
There he stands, buoyant and eager-eyed,
By the brave captain's side ;
Ready to do and dare. Aye, aye, sir ! always ready—
In his country's uniform.
Boom ! Boom ! and now the flag-boat sweeps, and now
the *Essex*,
Into the battle storm !

III.

Boom ! Boom ! till river and fort and field are over-
clouded

By battle's breath ; then from the fort a gleam
And a crashing gun, and the *Essex* is wrapt and shrouded
In a scalding cloud of steam ?

IV.

But victory ! victory !
Unto God all praise be ever rendered,
Unto God all praise and glory be !
See, Boy Brittan ! see, boy, see !
They strike ! Hurrah ! the fort has just surrendered !
Shout ! Shout ! my boy, my warrior boy !
And wave your cap and clap your hands for joy !
Cheer answer cheer and bear the cheer about—
Hurrah ! Hurrah ! for the fiery fort is ours ;
And " Victory ! " " Victory ! " " Victory ! "

Is the shout.

Shout—for the fiery fort, and the field, and the day are
ours—

The day is ours—thanks to the brave endeavor
Of heroes, boy, like thee !

The day is ours—the day is ours !
Glory and deathless love to all who shared with thee,
And bravely endured and dared with thee—
The day is ours—the day is ours—

Forever !

Glory and Love for one and all ; but—but—for thee—
Home ! Home ! a happy “ Welcome—welcome home ”
for thee !

And kisses of love for thee—
And a mother’s happy, happy tears, and a virgin’s bridal
wreath of flowers—
For thee !

V.

Victory ! Victory ! . . .
But suddenly wrecked and wrapt in seething steam, the
Essex
Slowly drifted out of the battle’s storm ;
Slowly, slowly down—laden with the dead and dying ;
And there at the captain’s feet, among the dead and the
dying,
The shot-marred form of a beautiful boy is lying—
There in his uniform !

VI.

Laurels and tears for thee, boy,
Laurels and tears for thee !
Laurels of light, moist with the precious dew
Of the inmost heart of the nation’s loving heart,
And blest by the balmy breath of the beautiful and the
true ;

Moist—moist with the luminous breath of the singing
spheres

And the nation's starry tears !

And tremble-touched by the pulse-like gush and start
Of the universal music of the heart,

And all deep sympathy.

Laurels and tears for thee, boy,

Laurels and tears for thee—

Laurels of light and tears of love forevermore—
For thee !

VII.

And laurels of light, and tears of truth,

And the mantle of immortality ;

And the flowers of love and immortal youth,

And the tender heart-tokens of all true ruth—

And the everlasting victory !

And the breath and bliss of Liberty ;

And the loving kiss of Liberty ;

And the welcoming light of heavenly eyes,

And the over-calm of God's canopy ;

And the infinite love-span of the skies

That cover the valleys of Paradise—

For all of the brave who rest with thee ;

And for one and all who died with thee,

And now sleep side by side with thee ;

And for every one who lives and dies,

On the solid land or the heaving sea,

Dear warrior-boy—like thee.

VIII.

O the victory—the victory
Belongs to thee !

God ever keeps the brightest crown for such as thou—
He gives it now to thee !

O young and brave, and early and thrice blest—
Thrice, thrice, thrice blest !

Thy country turns once more to kiss thy youthful brow,
And takes thee—gently—gently to her breast ;
And whispers lovingly, “ God bless thee—bless thee
now—

My darling, thou shalt rest ! ”





THE "CUMBERLAND."

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

AT anchor in Hampton Roads we lay,
On board the *Cumberland* sloop of war,
And at times from the fortress across the bay
The alarm of drums swept past,
Or a bugle blast
From the camp on shore.

Then far away to the south uprose
A little feather of snow-white smoke,
And we knew that the iron ship of our foes
Was steadily steering its course
To try the force
Of our ribs of oak.

Down upon us heavily runs,
 Silent and sullen, the floating fort,
Then comes a puff of smoke from her guns,
 And leaps the terrible death,
 With fiery breath,
From each open port.

We are not idle but send her straight
 Defiance back in a full broadside !
As hail rebounds from a roof of slate
 Rebounds our heavier hail
 From each iron scale
Of the monster's hide.

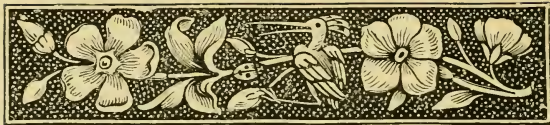
“Strike your flag !” the rebel cries,
 In his arrogant old plantation strain.
“Never !” our gallant Morris replies ;
 “ It is better to sink than to yield ! ”
 And the whole air pealed
With the cheers of our men.

Then like a kraken, huge and black
 She crushed our ribs in her iron grasp !
Down went the *Cumberland* all awrack,
 With a sudden shudder of death,
 And the cannon's breath
For her dying gasp.

Next morn, as the sun rose over the bay,
Still floated our flag at the mainmast head.
Lord, how beautiful was Thy day !
Every waft of the air
Was a whisper of prayer,
Or a dirge for the dead.

Ho ! brave hearts that went down in the seas,
Ye are at peace in the troubled stream.
Ho ! brave land ! with hearts like these,
Thy flag, that is rent in twain,
Shall be one again,
And without a seam !





ON BOARD THE "CUMBERLAND."

(March 8, 1862.)

BY GEORGE H. BOKER.

"**S**TAND to your guns, men !" Morris cried.
Small need to pass the word ;
Our men at quarters ranged themselves,
Before the drum was heard.

And then began the sailors' jests :
"What thing is that, I say ?"
"A 'long-shore meeting-house adrift
Is standing down the bay !"

A frown came over Morris' face ;
The strange, dark craft he knew ;
"That is the iron *Merrimac*,
Manned by a rebel crew.

"So shot your guns, and point them straight ;
Before this day goes by,
We 'll try of what her metal 's made."
A cheer was our reply.

“Remember boys, this flag of ours
Has seldom left its place ;
And where it falls, the deck it strikes
Is covered with disgrace.

“I ask but this : or sink or swim,
Or live or nobly die,
My last sight upon earth may be
To see that ensign fly !”

Meanwhile the shapeless iron mass
Came moving o'er the wave,
As gloomy as a passing hearse,
As silent as the grave.

Her ports were closed, from stem to stem
No sign of life appeared.
We wondered, questioned, strained our eyes,
Joked,—every thing but feared.

She reached our range. Our broadside rang,
Our heavy pivots roared ;
And shot and shell, a fire of hell,
Against her sides we poured.

God's mercy ! from her sloping roof
The iron tempest glanced,
As hail bounds from a cottage-thatch,
And round her leaped and danced ;

Or, when against her dusky hull
We struck a fair, full blow,
The mighty, solid iron globes
Were crumbled up like snow.

On, on, with fast increasing speed,
The silent monster came ;
Though all our starboard battery
Was one long line of flame.

See heeded not, nor gun she fired,
Straight on our bow she bore ;
Through riving plank and crashing frame
Her furious way she tore.

Alas ! our beautiful, keen bow,
That in the fiercest blast
So gently folded back the seas,
They hardly felt we passed !

Alas ! Alas ! My *Cumberland*,
That ne'er knew grief before,
To be so gored, to feel so deep
The tusk of that sea-boar !

Once more she backward drew a space,
Once more our side she rent ;
Then, in the wantonness of hate,
Her broadside through us sent.

The dead and dying round us lay,
But our foeman lay abeam ;
Her open portholes maddened us ;
We fired with shout and scream.

We felt our vessel settling fast,
We knew our time was brief ;
“ The pumps, the pumps ! ” But they who pumped
And fought not, wept with grief.

“ Oh, keep us but an hour afloat !
Oh, give us only time
To be the instruments of heaven
Against the traitors' crime ! ”

From captain down to powder-boy,
No hand was idle then ;
Two soldiers, but by chance aboard,
Fought on like sailor-men.

And when a gun's crew lost a hand,
Some bold marine stepped out,
And jerked his braided jacket off,
And hauled the gun about.

Our forward magazine was drowned ;
And up from the sick-bay
Crawled out the wounded, red with blood,
And round us gasping lay.

Yes, cheering, calling us by name,
Struggling with failing breath,
To keep their shipmates at the port,
While glory strove with death.

With decks afloat, and powder gone,
The last broadside we gave
From the guns' heated iron lips
Burst out beneath the wave.

So sponges, rammers, and handspikes—
As men-of-war's men should—
We placed within their proper racks,
And at our quarters stood.

“Up to the spar-deck ! Save yourselves !”
Cried Selfridge. “Up, my men !
God grant that some of us may live
To fight yon ship again !”

We turned—we did not like to go ;
Yet staying seemed but vain,
Knee-deep in water ; so we left ;
Some swore, some groaned with pain.

We reached the deck. Here Randall stood :
“Another turn, men—so !”
Calmly he aimed his pivot-gun :
“Now, Tenney, let her go !”

It did our sore hearts good to hear
The song our pivot sang,
As rushing on, from wave to wave,
The whirring bomb-shell sprang.

Brave Randall leaped upon the gun,
And waved his cap in sport ;
“ Well done ! well aimed ! I saw that shell
Go through an open port.”

It was our last, our deadliest shot ;
The deck was over-flown :
The poor ship staggered, lurched to port,
And gave a living groan.

Down, down, as headlong through the waves
Our gallant vessel rushed,
A thousand gurgling, watery sounds
Around my senses gushed.

Then I remember little more ;
One look to heaven I gave,
Where, like an angel's wing, I saw
Our spotless ensign wave.

I tried to cheer, I cannot say
Whether I swam or sank ;
A blue mist closed around my eyes,
And every thing was blank.

When I awoke, a soldier-lad,
All dripping from the sea,
With two great tears upon his cheeks,
Was bending over me.

I tried to speak. He understood
The wish I could not speak.
He turned me. There, thank God ! the flag
Still fluttered at the peak !

And there, while thread shall hang to thread,
O let that ensign fly !
The noblest constellation set
Against our northern sky.

A sign that we who live may claim
The peerage of the brave ;
A monument, that needs no scroll,
For those beneath the wave !





THE SWORD-BEARER.

BY GEORGE H. BOKER.

BRAVE Morris saw the day was lost ;
For nothing now remained
On the wrecked and sinking *Cumberland*
But to save the flag unstained.

So he swore an oath in the sight of heaven
(If he kept it, the world can tell) :
“ Before I strike to a rebel flag,
I ’ll sink to the gates of hell !

“ Here, take my sword ; ’t is in my way ;
I shall trip o’er the useless steel :
For I ’ll meet the lot that falls to all,
With my shoulder at the wheel.”

So the little negro took the sword,
And oh ! with what reverent care !
Following his master step by step,
He bore it here and there.

A thought had crept through his sluggish brain,
And shone in his dusky face,
That somehow—he could not tell just how—
’T was the sword of his trampled race.

And as Morris, great with his lion heart,
Rushed onward from gun to gun,
The little negro slid after him,
Like a shadow in the sun.

But something of pomp and of curious pride
The sable creature wore,
Which at any time but a time like that
Would have made the ship’s crew roar.

Over the wounded, dying, and dead,
Like an usher of the rod,
The black page, full of his mighty trust,
With dainty caution trod.

No heed he gave to the flying ball,
No heed to the bursting shell ;
His duty was something more than life,
And he strove to do it well.

Down, with our starry flag apeak,
In the whirling sea we sank ;
And captain and crew and the sword-bearer
Were washed from the bloody plank.

They picked us up from the hungry waves—

Alas ! not all. And where,

Where is the faithful negro lad?

“Back oars ! avast ! look there !”

We looked, and as heaven may save my soul,

I pledge you a sailor's word,

There, fathoms deep in the sea he lay,

Still grasping his master's sword.

We drew him out ; and many an hour

We wrought with his rigid form,

Ere the almost smothered spark of life

By slow degrees grew warm.

The first dull glance that his eyeballs rolled

Was down toward his shrunken hand ;

And he smiled, and closed his eyes again,

As they fell on the rescued brand.

And no one touched the sacred sword,

Till at length, when Morris came,

The little negro stretched it out,

With his eager eyes aflame.

And if Morris wrung the poor boy's hand,

And his words seemed hard to speak,

And tears ran down his manly cheeks,

What tongue shall call him weak ?



THE OLD SERGEANT.

BY FORCEYTHE WILLSON.

“ COME a little nearer, Doctor,—thank you !—let me
take the cup :

Draw your chair up,—draw it closer,—just another little
sup !

Maybe you may think I ’m better ; but I ’m pretty well
used up,—

Doctor, you ’ve done all you could do, but I ’m just a
going up !

“ Feel my pulse, sir, if you want to, but it ain’t much
use to try—”

“ Never say that,” said the surgeon, as he smothered
down a sigh ;

“ It will never do, old comrade, for a soldier to say die !”

“ What you *say* will make no difference, Doctor, when
you come to die.

“ Doctor, what has been the matter ? ”—“ You were very
faint, they say ;

You must try to get to sleep now.”—“ Doctor, have I
been away ? ”

“Not that anybody knows of!” — “Doctor — Doctor,
please to stay !

There is something I must tell you, and you won't have
long to stay !

“I have got my marching orders, and I 'm ready now to
go ;

Doctor, did you say I fainted !—But it could n't ha' been
so,—

For as sure as I 'm a Sergeant, and was wounded at
Shiloh,

I 've this very night been back there, on the old field of
Shiloh !

“This is all that I remember : The last time the lighter
came,

And the lights had all been lowered, and the noises much
the same,

He had not been gone five minntes before something
called my name :

‘ORDERLY SERGEANT—ROBERT BURTON !’—just that
way it called my name.

“And I wondered who could call me so distinctly and so
slow,

Knew it could n't be the lighter,—he could not have
spoken so ;

And I tried to answer, 'Here, sir!' but I could n't make it go!

For I could n't move a muscle, and I could n't make it go!

"Then I thought: It's all a nightmare, all a humbug and a bore:

Just another foolish *grapevine**—and it won't come any more;

But it came, sir, notwithstanding, just the same way as before:

'ORDERLY SERGEANT—ROBERT BURTON!' even plainer than before.

"That is all that I remember, till a sudden burst of light,

And I stood beside the river, where we stood that Sunday night,

Waiting to be ferried over to the dark bluffs opposite,
When the river was perdition and all hell was opposite!

"And the same old palpitation came again in all its power,

And I heard a bugle sounding, as from some celestial tower;

* The troops during the war were accustomed to express their incredulity, when news could not be traced to a trustworthy source, by saying that the tidings had been received by "grapevine telegraph." Hence a canard was called a "grapevine."—EDITOR.

And the same mysterious voice said: 'IT IS THE ELEVENTH HOUR!

ORDERLY SERGEANT—ROBERT BURTON—IT IS THE ELEVENTH HOUR!'

"Doctor Austin!—what *day* is this?"—"It is Wednesday night, you know."

"Yes,—to-morrow will be New Year's, and a right good time below!

What *time* is it, Doctor Austin?"—"Nearly twelve."
"Then don't you go!"

Can it be that all this happened—all this—not an hour ago!

"There was where the gun-boats opened on the dark, rebellious host,

And where Webster semi-circled his last guns upon the coast;

There were still the two log-houses, just the same, or else their ghost,—

And the same old transport came and took me over—or its ghost!

"And the old field lay before me all deserted far and wide;

There was where they fell on Prentice,—there McClermand met the tide;

There was where stern Sherman rallied, and where
Hurlbut's heroes died,—
Lower down, where Wallace charged them, and kept
charging till he died.

“There was where Lew Wallace showed them he was of
the canny kin,
There was where old Nelson thundered, and where
Rousseau waded in;
Then McCook sent 'em to breakfast and we all began
to win—
There was where the grape-shot took me, just as we
began to win.

“Now, a shroud of snow and silence over every thing
was spread;
And but for this old blue mantle and the old hat on
my head,
I should not have even doubted, to this moment I was
dead,—
For my footsteps were as silent as the snow upon the
dead!

“Death and silence!—Death and silence! all around
me as I sped!
And behold a mighty TOWER, as if builded to the dead,—
To the Heaven of the heavens, lifted up its mighty head,
Till the Stars and Stripes of Heaven all seemed waving
from its head!

“Round and mighty-based it towered—up into the infinite—

And I knew no mortal mason could have built a shaft so bright ;

For it shone like solid sunshine ; and a winding stair of light,

Wound around it and around it till it wound clear out of sight !

“And, behold, as I approached it—with a rapt and dazzled stare,—

Thinking that I saw old comrades just ascending the great stair—

Suddenly the solemn challenge broke of,—‘Halt ! and who goes there ?’

‘I ’m a friend,’ I said, ‘if you are.’—‘Then advance, sir, to the stair !’

“I advanced !—that sentry, Doctor, was Elijah Ballantyne !—

First of all to fall on Monday, after we had formed the line :

‘Welcome, my old Sergeant, welcome ! welcome by that countersign !’

And he pointed to the scar there, under this old cloak of mine !

“As he grasped my hand, I shuddered, thinking only
of the grave ;
But he smiled and pointed upward, with a bright and
bloodless glaive ;
‘That ’s the way, sir, to head-quarters.’—‘What head-
quarters?’—‘Of the brave.’
‘But the great tower?’—‘That was builded of the great
deeds of the brave.’

“Then a sudden shame came o’er me at his uniform of
light ;
At my own so old and tattered, and at his so new and
bright ;
‘Ah!’ said he, you have forgotten the new uniform to-
night,—
Hurry back, for you must be here at just twelve o’clock
to-night!’

“And the next thing I remember, you were sitting
there, and I—
Doctor—did you hear a footstep? Hark !—God bless you
all! Good-bye !
Doctor, please to give my musket and my knapsack when
I die,
To my son—my son that ’s coming,—he won’t get here
till I die !

“Tell him his old father blessed him as he never did before,—

And to carry that old musket”—Hark ! a knock is at the door !—

“Till the Union”—See ! it opens !—“Father ! Father ! Speak once more !”

“*Bless you !*”—gasped the old gray Sergeant, and he lay and said no more.





THE "VARUNA."

(Sunk April 24, 1862.)

BY GEORGE H. BOKER.

WHO has not heard of the dauntless *Varuna*?
Who has not heard of the deeds she has done?
Who shall not hear, while the brown Mississippi
Rushes along from the snow to the sun?

Crippled and leaking she entered the battle,
Sinking and burning she fought through the fray;
Crushed were her sides and the waves ran across her,
Ere, like a death wounded lion at bay,
Sternly she closed in the last fatal grapple,
Then in her triumph moved grandly away.

Five of the rebels, like satellites round her,
Burned in her orbit of splendor and fear;
One, like the pleiad of mystical story,
Shot, terror-stricken, beyond her dread sphere.

We who are waiting with crowns for the victors,
Though we should offer the wealth of our store,
Load the *Varuna* from deck down to kelson,
Still would be niggard, such tribute to pour
On courage so boundless. It beggars possession,—
It knocks for just payment at heaven's bright door !

Cherish the heroes who fought the *Varuna* ;
Treat them as kings if they honor your way ;
Succor and comfort the sick and the wounded ;
Oh ! for the dead let us all kneel to pray !





THE RIVER FIGHT.

BY HENRY HOWARD BROWNELL.

[Admiral Farragut was so impressed with this irregular but spirited description of the river battle below New Orleans that he sought out the author and their acquaintance ended in a warm friendship. Brownell having expressed a desire to witness a naval conflict, Farragut took him on board the Flagship *Hartford* at the time of the storming of the Mobile forts, and the poet repaid the courtesy with the poem which appears elsewhere in this collection, called "The Bay Fight."—EDITOR.]

DO you know of the dreary land,
If land such region may seem,
Where 't is neither sea nor strand,
Ocean, nor good, dry land,
But the nightmare marsh of a dream?
Where the Mighty River his death-road takes,
'Mid pools and windings that coil like snakes,
A hundred leagues of bayous and lakes,
To die in the great Gulf Stream?

No coast-line clear and true,
Granite and deep-sea blue,
On that dismal shore you pass,
Surf-worn boulder or sandy beach,—
But ooze-flats as far as the eye can reach,
With shallows of water-grass ;
Reedy Savannahs, vast and dun,
Lying dead in the dim March sun ;
Huge, rotting trunks and roots that lie
Like the blackened bones of shapes gone by,
And miles of sunken morass.

No lovely, delicate thing
Of life o'er the waste is seen
But the cayman couched by his weedy spring,
And the pelican, bird unclean,
Or the buzzard, flapping with heavy wing,
Like an evil ghost o'er the desolate scene.

Ah ! many a weary day
With our Leader there we lay.
In the sultry haze and smoke,
Tugging our ships o'er the bar,
Till the spring was wasted far,
Till his brave heart almost broke.
For the sullen river seemed
As if our intent he dreamed,—
All his sallow mouths did spew and choke.

But ere April fully passed
All ground over at last
And we knew the die was cast,—
Knew the day drew nigh
To dare to the end one stormy deed,
Might save the land at her sorest need,
Or on the old deck to die !

Anchored we lay,—and a morn the more,
To his captains and all his men
Thus wrote our old commodore—
(He was n't Admiral then) :—
“GENERAL ORDERS :
Send your to'gallant masts down,
Rig in each flying jib-boom !
Clear all ahead for the loom
Of traitor fortress and town,
Or traitor fleet bearing down

“In with your canvas high ;
We shall want no sail to fly !
Top sail, foresail, spanker, and jib,
(With the heart of oak in the oaken rib,)
Shall serve us to win or die !

“Trim every sail by the head,
(So shall you spare the lead,)
Lest if she ground, your ship swing round,
Bows in shore, for a wreck.

See your grapnels all clear with pains,
And a solid kedge in your port main-chains,
With a whip to the main yard :
Drop it heavy and hard
When you grappel a traitor deck !

“ On forecastle and on poop
Mount guns, as best you may deem.
If possible, rouse them up
(For still you must bow the stream).
Also hoist and secure with stops
Howitzers firmly in your tops,
To fire on the foe abeam.

“ Look well to your pumps and hose ;
Have water tubs fore and aft,
For quenching flame in your craft,
And the gun crew's fiery thirst.
See planks with felt fitted close,
To plug every shot-hole tight.
Stand ready to meet the worst !
For, if I have reckoned aright,
They will serve us shot,
Both cold and hot,
Freely enough to-night.

“ Mark well each signal I make,—
(Our life-long service at stake,

The River Fight

And honor that must not lag !)
What e'er the peril and awe,
In the battle's fieriest flaw,
Let never one ship withdraw
Till the orders come from the flag ! ”

Would you hear of the river fight?
It was two of a soft spring night ;
God's stars looked down on all ;
And all was clear and bright
But the low fog's clinging breath ;
Up the River of Death
Sailed the great Admiral.

On our high poop-deck he stood,
And round him ranged the men
Who have made their birthright good
Of manhood once and again,—
Lords of helm and of sail,
Tried in tempest and gale,
Bronzed in battle and wreck.
Bell and Bailey grandly led
Each his line of the Blue and Red ;
Wainwright stood by our starboard rail ;
Thornton fought the deck.

And I mind me of more than they,
Of the youthful, steadfast ones,
That have shown them worthy sons
Of the seamen passed away.
Tyson conned our helm that day ;
Watson stood by his guns.

What thought our Admiral then,
Looking down on his men ?
Since the terrible day,—
(Day of renown and tears !)
When at anchor the *Essex* lay,—
Holding her foes at bay,—
When a boy by Porter's side he stood,
Till deck and plank-shear were dyed with blood ;
'T is half a hundred years,—
Half a hundred years to a day !

Who could fail with him ?
Who reckon of life or limb ?
Not a pulse but beat the higher !
There had you seen, by the starlight dim,
Five hundred faces strong and grim :
The Flag is going under fire !
Right up by the fort,
With her helm hard aport,
The *Hartford* is going under fire !

The way to our work was plain.
Caldwell had broken the chain
(Two hulks swung down amain
Soon as 't was sundered).
Under the night's dark blue,
Steering steady and true,
Ship after ship went through,
Till, as we hove in view,
"Jackson " out-thundered !

Back echoed " Philip ! " ah ! then
Could you have seen our men.
How they sprung in the dim night haze,
To their work of toil and of clamor !
How the boarders, with sponge and rammer,
And their captains, with cord and hammer,
Kept every muzzle ablaze.
How the guns, as with cheer and shout—
Our tackle-men hurled them out—
Brought up on the water-ways !

First, as we fired at their flash,
'T was lightning and black eclipse,
With a bellowing roll and crash.
But soon, upon either bow,
What with forts and fire-rafts and ships,
(The whole fleet was hard at it now,)
All pounding away !—and Porter

Still thundering with shell and mortar,—
'T was the mighty sound and form !

(Such you see in the far South,
After long heat and drought,
As day draws nigh to even,
Arching from north to south,
Blinding the tropic sun,
The great black bow comes on,
Till the thunder-veil is riven,—
When all is crash and levin,
And the cannonade of heaven
Rolls down the Amazon !)

But, as we worked along higher,
Just where the river enlarges,
Down came a pyramid of fire,—
It was one of your long coal barges.
(We had often had the like before.)
'T was coming down on us to larboard,
Well in with the eastern shore ;
And our pilot, to let it pass round,
(You may guess we never stopped to sound)
Giving us a rank sheer to starboard,
Ran the Flag hard and fast aground !

'T was nigh abreast of the Upper Fort,
And straightway a rascal ram

(She was shaped like the Devil's dam)
Puffed away for us, with a snort,
And shoved it, with spiteful strength,
Right alongside of us to port.
It was all of our ship's length,—
A huge, crackling Cradle of the Pit !
Pitch-pine knots to the brim,
Belching flame red and grim,
What a roar came up from it !

Well, for a little it looked bad :
But these things are, somehow, shorter,
In the acting than in the telling ;
There was no singing out or yelling,
Or any fussing and fretting,
No stampede, in short ;
But there we were, my lad,
All afire on our port quarter,
Hammocks ablaze in the netting,
Flames spouting in at every port,
Our fourth cutter burning at the davit
(No chance to lower away and save it).

In a twinkling, the flames had risen
Half way to maintop and mizzen,
Darting up the shrouds like snakes !
Ah, how we clanked at the brakes,
And the deep, steaming pumps throbbed under,
Sending a ceaseless flow.

Our topmen, a dauntless crowd,
Swarmed in rigging and shroud :
There, ('t was a wonder !)
The burning ratlines and strands
They quenched with their bare, hard hands ;
But the great guns below
Never silenced their thunder.

At last, by backing and sounding,
When we were clear of grounding,
And under headway once more,
The whole rebel fleet came rounding
The point. If we had it hot before,
'T was now from shore to shore,
One long, loud, thundering roar,—
Such crashing, splintering, and pounding,
And smashing as you never heard before !

But that we fought foul wrong to wreck,
And to save the land we loved so well,
You might have deemed our long gun-deck
Two hundred feet of hell !

For above all was battle,
Broadside, and blaze, and rattle,
Smoke and thunder alone ;
(But, down in the sick-bay,
Where our wounded and dying lay,
There was scarce a sob or a moan).

And at last, when the dim day broke,
And the sullen sun awoke,
Drearly blinking
O'er the haze and the cannon smoke,
That ever such morning dulls,—
There were thirteen traitor hulls
On fire and sinking!

Now, up the river!—through mad Chalmette
Sputters a vain resistance yet,
Small helm we gave her our course to steer,—
'T was nicer work then you well would dream,
With cant and sheer to keep her clear
Of the burning wrecks that cumbered the stream,

The *Louisiana*, hurled on high,
Mounts in thunder to meet the sky!
Then down to the depths of the turbid flood,—
Fifty fathom of rebel mud!
The *Mississippi* comes floating down,
A mighty bonfire from off the town;
And along the river, on stocks and ways,
A half-hatched devil's brood is ablaze,—
The great *Anglo-Norman* is all in flames,
(Hark to the roar of her trembling frames!)
And the smaller fry that Treason would spawn
Are lighting Algiers like an angry dawn!

From stem to stern, how the pirates burn,
Fired by the furious hands that built!
So to ashes forever turn
The suicide wrecks of wrong and guilt!

But as we neared the city,
By field and vast plantation,
(Ah! millstone of our nation!)
With wonder and with pity,
What crowds we there espied
Of dark and wistful faces,
Mute in their toiling places,
Strangely and sadly eyed,
Haply 'mid doubt and fear,
Deeming deliverance near,
(One gave the ghost of a cheer!)

And on that dolorous strand,
To greet the victor brave,
One flag did welcome wave—
Raised, ah me! by a wretched hand,
All outworn on our cruel land,—
The withered hand of a slave!

But all along the levee,
In a dark and drenching rain,
(By this 't was pouring heavy,)
Stood a fierce and sullen train,
A strange and frenzied time!

There were scowling rage and pain,
Curses, howls, and hisses,
Out of Hate's black abysses,—
Their courage and their crime
All in vain—all in vain !

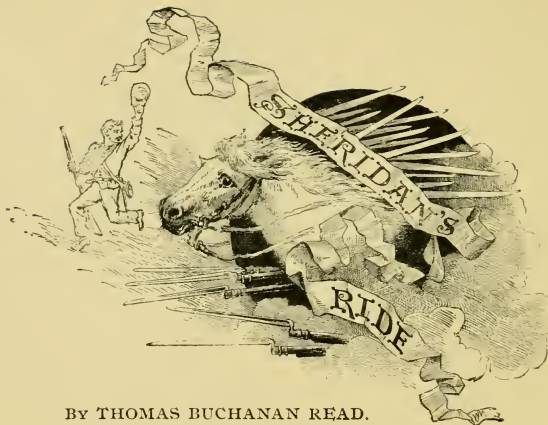
For from the hour that the Rebel Stream
With the Crescent City lying abeam,
Shuddered under our keel,
Smit to the heart with self-struck sting,
Slavery died in her scorpion-ring
And Murder fell on his steel.

'T is well to do and dare ;
But ever may grateful prayer
Follow, as aye it ought,
When the good fight is fought,
When the true deed is done.
Aloft in heaven's pure light,
(Deep azure crossed on white,)
Our fair Church pennant waves
O'er a thousand thankful braves,
Bareheaded in God's bright sun.

Lord of mercy and frown,
Ruling o'er sea and shore,
Send us such scene once more !
All in line of battle

When the black ships bear down
On tyrant fort and town,
'Mid cannon cloud and rattle ;
And the great guns once more
Thunder back the roar
Of the traitor walls ashore,
And the traitor flags come down.





BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

UP from the south, at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thunder'd along the horizon's bar ;
And louder yet into Winchester roll'd

The roar of that red sea uncontroll'd,
 Making the blood of the listener cold,
 As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
 With Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
 A good broad highway leading down :
 And there, through the flush of the morning light,
 A steed as black as the steeds of night
 Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight,
 As if he knew the terrible need
 He stretch'd away with his utmost speed ;
 Hills rose and fell ; but his heart was gay,
 With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprang from those swift hoofs, thundering south,
 The dust like smoke from the cannon's mouth,
 Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
 Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
 The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
 Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
 Impatient to be where the battle-field calls ;
 Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
 With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet, the road,
 Like an arrowy Alpine river flow'd
 And the landscape sped away behind
 Like an ocean flying before the wind ;

And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on, with his wild eye full of fire.
But, lo ! he is nearing his heart's desire ;
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
 With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the general saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops ;
What was done ? what to do ? a glance told him both.
Then striking his spurs with a terrible oath,
He dash'd down the line, 'mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because
The sight of the master compell'd it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray ;
By the flash of his eye, and the red nostril's play,
He seem'd to the whole great army to say :
“ I have brought you Sheridan all the way
 From Winchester down to save the day.”

Hurrah ! hurrah for Sheridan !
Hurrah ! hurrah for horse and man !
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky,
The American soldier's Temple of Fame,
There with the glorious general's name
Be it said, in letters both bold and bright :
 “ Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
 From Winchester,—twenty miles away !”



KEARNEY AT SEVEN PINES.

BY EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

SO that soldierly legend is still on its journey—
That story of Kearney who knew not to yield !
'T was the day when with Jameson, fierce Berry, and
Birney,
Against twenty thousand he rallied the field.
Where the red volleys poured, where the clamor rose
highest,
Where the dead lay in clumps through the dwarf oak
and pine,
Where the aim from the thicket was surest and nighest,
No charge like Phil Kearney's along the whole line.

When the battle went ill, and the bravest were solemn,
Near the dark Seven Pines, where we still held our
ground,
He rode down the length of the withering column,
And his heart at our war-cry leapt up with a bound.
He snuffed, like his charger, the wind of the powder,—
His sword waved us on, and we answered the sign ;

Loud our cheer as we rushed, but his laugh rang the
louder :

“There ’s the devil’s own fun, boys, along the whole
line !”

How he strode his brown steed ! How we saw his blade
brighten

In the one hand still left—and the reins in his teeth !
He laughed like a boy when the holidays heighten,
But a soldier’s glance shot from his visor beneath.
Up came the reserves to the mellay infernal,
Asking where to go in—through the clearing or pine ?
“Oh, anywhere ! Forward ! ’T is all the same, Colonel :
You ’ll find lovely fighting along the whole line !”

Oh, evil the black shroud of night at Chantilly,
That hid him from sight of his brave men and tried !
Foul, foul sped the bullet that clipped the white lily,
The flower of our knighthood, the whole army’s pride !
Yet we dream that he still—in that shadowy region
Where the dead form their ranks at the wan drum-
mer’s sign—
Rides on, as of old, down the length of his legion,
And the word still is Forward ! along the whole line.



STONEWALL JACKSON'S WAY.

By J. W. PALMER.

[Mr. William Gilmore Simms tells us that this poem, stained with blood, was found on the person of a dead soldier of the Stonewall brigade after one of Jackson's battles in the Shenandoah Valley. Its authorship, long unknown, has been discovered by Mr. Francis F. Browne.—EDITOR.]

COME, stack arms, men ! Pile on the rails,
Stir up the camp-fire bright ;
No growling if the canteen fails,
We 'il make a roaring night,
Here Shenandoah brawls along,
There burly Blue Ridge echoes strong,
To swell the brigade's rousing song
Of "Stonewall Jackson's way."

We see him now—the queer slouched hat
Cocked o'er his eye askew ;
The shrewd, dry smile ; the speech so pat,
So calm, so blunt, so true.

The "Blue-light Elder" knows 'em well ;
Says he, "That 's Bank's—he 's fond of shell ;
Lord save his soul ! we 'll give him—" well !
That 's "Stonewall Jackson's way."

Silence ! ground arms ! kneel all ! caps off !
Old Blue Light 's goin' to pray.
Strangle the fool that dares to scoff !
Attention ! it 's his way.
Appealing from his native sod,
In *forma pauperis* to God :
"Lay bare Thine arm ; stretch forth Thy rod !
Amen !" That 's "Stonewall's way."

He 's in the saddle now. Fall in !
Steady ! the whole brigade !
Hill 's at the ford, cut off ; we 'll win
His way out, ball and blade !
What matter if our shoes are worn ?
What matter if our feet are torn ?
"Quick step ! we 're with him before morn !"
That 's "Stonewall Jackson's way."

The sun's bright lances rout the mists
Of morning, and, by George !
Here 's Longstreet, struggling in the lists,
Hemmed in an ugly gorge.

Pope and his Dutchmen, whipped before ;
" Bay'nets and grape ! " hear Stonewall roar ;
" Charge, Stuart ! Pay off Ashby's score ! "
In " Stonewall Jackson's way."

Ah ! Maiden, wait and watch and yearn
For news of Stonewall's band !
Ah ! Widow, read, with eyes that burn,
That ring upon thy hand.
Ah ! Wife, sew on, pray on, hope on ;
Thy life shall not be all forlorn ;
The foe had better ne'er been born
That gets in " Stonewall's way."

[Southern.]





MARCHING ALONG.

BY WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

[During the Civil War this song was frequently sung upon the march by the soldiers of the Army of the Potomac. Except "When this Cruel War is Over" and the doggerel about "John Brown's Body," there was scarcely any song so often heard. The name of the leader was changed, from time to time, to accord with the facts. —EDITOR.]

THE army is gathering from near and from far ;
The trumpet is sounding the call for the war ;
McClellan 's our leader, he 's gallant and strong ;
We 'll gird on our armor and be marching along.

Chorus.—Marching along, we are marching along,
Gird on the armor and be marching along ;
McClellan 's our leader, he 's gallant and strong;
For God and our country we are marching along.

The foe is before us in battle array,
But let us not waver, or turn from the way ;
The Lord is our strength, and the Union's our song ;
With courage and faith we are marching along.

Chorus.—Marching along, etc.

Our wives and our children we leave in your care ;
We feel you will help them with sorrow to bear :
'T is hard thus to part, but we hope 't won't be long :
We 'll keep up our heart as we 're marching along.

Chorus.—Marching along, etc.

We sigh for our country, we mourn for our dead ;
For them now our last drop of blood we will shed ;
Our cause is the right one—our foe's in the wrong ;
Then gladly we 'll sing as we 're marching along.

Chorus.—Marching along, etc.

The flag of our country is floating on high ;
We 'll stand by that flag till we conquer or die ;
McClellan's our leader, he's gallant and strong ;
We 'll gird on our armor and be marching along.

Chorus.—Marching along, etc.



THE BURIAL OF LATANÉ.

By JOHN R. THOMPSON.

[Captain Latané, of Stuart's Confederate cavalry was killed during the Pamunkey expedition in 1862. He was buried by a company of women, one of whom read the service for the dead, while a little girl strewed flowers on the grave.—EDITOR.]

THE combat raged not long, but ours the day ;
And, through the hosts that compassed us around,
Our little band rode proudly on its way,
Leaving one gallant comrade, glory-crowned,
Unburied on the field he died to gain—
Single of all his men, amid the hostile slain.

One moment on the battle's edge he stood—
Hope's halo, like a helmet, round his hair ;
The next beheld him, dabbled in his blood,
Prostrate in death—and yet, in death how fair !
Even thus he passed through the red gates of strife,
From earthly crowns and palms, to an immortal life.

A brother bore his body from the field,
And gave it unto strangers' hands, that closed
The calm blue eyes, on earth forever sealed,
And tenderly the slender limbs composed :
Strangers, yet sisters, who, with Mary's love,
Sat by the open tomb, and, weeping, looked above.

A little child strewed roses on his bier—
Pale roses, not more stainless than his soul,
Nor yet more fragrant than his life sincere,
That blossomed with good actions—brief, but whole ;
The aged matron and the faithful slave
Approached with reverent feet the hero's lowly grave.

No man of God might say the burial rite
Above the "rebel"—thus declared the foe
That blanched before him in the deadly fight ;
But woman's voice, with accents soft and low,
Trembling with pity—touched with pathos—read
Over his hallowed dust the ritual for the dead.

"'T is sown in weakness, it is raised in power !"
Softly the promise floated on the air,
While the low breathings of the sunset hour
Came back responsive to the mourner's prayer.
Gently they laid him underneath the sod,
And left him with his fame, his country, and his God !

Let us not weep for him, whose deeds endure !
So young, so brave, so beautiful ! He died
As he had wished to die ; the past is sure ;
Whatever yet of sorrow may betide
Those who still linger by the stormy shore,
Change cannot harm him now, nor fortune touch him
more

[Southern.]





TARDY GEORGE.

[This poem was written at a time when the impatience of the Northern people with the delay of McClellan to make use of the means so lavishly provided for him, was scarcely to be restrained. For many months McClellan had been in command of a vast army, perfectly equipped and thoroughly disciplined, yet month after month went by with nothing done and nothing attempted. The discontent of the people found much angrier expression than was given to it in these stanzas, but this is one of the best metrical protests that appeared.—EDITOR.]

WHAT are you waiting for, George, I pray ?
To scour your cross-belts with fresh pipe-clay ?
To burnish your buttons, to brighten your guns ;
Or wait you for May-day and warm-spring suns ?
Are you blowing your fingers because they are cold,
Or catching your breath ere you take a hold ?
Is the mud knee-deep in valley and gorge ?
What are you waiting for, tardy George ?

Want you a thousand more cannon made,
To add to the thousand now arrayed?
Want you more men, more money to pay?
Are not two millions enough per day?
Wait you for gold and credit to go,
Before we shall see your martial show;
Till Treasury Notes will not pay to forge?
What are you waiting for, tardy George?

Are you waiting for your hair to turn,
Your heart to soften, your bowels to yearn
A little more toward "our Southern friends,"
As at home and abroad they work their ends?
"Our Southern friends!" whom you hold so dear
That you do no harm and give no fear,
As you tenderly take them by the gorge—
What are you waiting for, tardy George?

Now that you've marshalled your whole command,
Planned what you would, and changed what you planned;
Practised with shot and practised with shell,
Know to a hair where every one fell,
Made signs by day and signals by night;
Was it all done to keep out of a fight?
Is the whole matter too heavy a charge?
What are you waiting for, tardy George?

Shall we have more speeches, more reviews?
Or are you waiting to hear the news;

To hold up your hands in mute surprise,
When France and England shall "recognize" ?
Are you too grand to fight traitors small ?
Must you have a nation to cope withal ?
Well, hammer the anvil and blow the forge—
You 'll soon have a dozen, tardy George.

Suppose for a moment, George, my friend—
Just for a moment—you condescend
To use the means that are in your hands,
The eager muskets and guns and brands ;
Take one bold step on the Southern sod,
And leave the issue to watchful God !
For now the nation raises its gorge,
Waiting and watching you, tardy George.

I should not much wonder, George, my boy,
If Stanton get in his head a toy,
And some fine morning, ere you are out,
He send you all "to the right about"—
You and Jomini, and all the crew
Who think that war is nothing to do
But to drill and cipher, and hammer and forge—
What are you waiting for, tardy George ?

January, 1862.



WANTED—A MAN.

BY EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

[This virile cry for a fit leader for the Army of the Potomac was inspired by an editorial article of Henry J. Raymond in the *New York Times*. It was written in 1862, when the popular feeling of chagrin and humiliation over McClellan's failure and Pope's disaster at Manassas was most intense. Mr. Lincoln was so strongly impressed by the poem that he read it to his Cabinet.—EDITOR.]

BACK from the trebly crimsoned field
Terrible words are thunder-tost ;
Full of the wrath that will not yield,
Full of revenge for battles lost !
Hark to their echo, as it crost
The Capital, making faces wan :
“ End this murderous holocaust ;
Abraham Lincoln, give us a MAN !

- “ Give us a man of God’s own mould,
Born to marshal his fellow-men ;
One whose fame is not bought and sold
At the stroke of a politician’s pen ;
Give us the man of thousands ten,
Fit to do as well as to plan ;
Give us a rallying-cry, and then,
Abraham Lincoln, give us a MAN !
- “ No leader to shirk the boasting foe,
And to march and countermarch our brave,
Till they fall like ghosts in the marshes low,
And swamp-grass covers each nameless grave ;
Nor another, whose fatal banners wave
Aye in disaster’s shameful van ;
Nor another, to bluster, and lie, and rave,—
Abraham Lincoln, give us a MAN !
- “ Hearts are mourning in the North,
While the sister rivers seek the main,
Red with our life-blood flowing forth—
Who shall gather it up again ?
Though we march to the battle-plain
Firmly as when the strife began,
Shall all our offering be in vain ?—
Abraham Lincoln, give us a MAN !
- “ Is there never one in all the land,
One on whose might the Cause may lean ?

Are all the common ones so grand,
And all the titled ones so mean?
What if your failure may have been
In trying to make good bread from bran,
From worthless metal a weapon keen?—
Abraham Lincoln, find us a MAN!

“ Oh, we will follow him to the death,
Where the foeman's fiercest columns are!
Oh, we will use our latest breath,
Cheering for every sacred star!
His to marshal us high and far;
Ours to battle, as patriots can
When a hero leads the Holy War!—
Abraham Lincoln, give us a MAN!”





OVERTURES FROM RICHMOND.

A NEW LILLIBULERO.

BY F. J. CHILD.

- “WELL, Uncle Sam,” says Jefferson D.,
Lillibulero, old Uncle Sam,
“You ’ll have to join my Confed’racy,”
Lillibulero, old Uncle Sam.
“Lero, lero, that don’t appear O, that don’t appear,”
Says old Uncle Sam,
“Lero, lero, fillibustero, that don’t appear,”
Says old Uncle Sam.
- “So, Uncle Sam, just lay down your arms,”
Lillibulero, old Uncle Sam,
“Then you shall hear my reas’nable terms,”
Lillibulero, old Uncle Sam.
“Lero, lero, I ’d like to hear O, I ’d like to hear,”
Says old Uncle Sam,
“Lero, lero, fillibustero, I ’d like to hear,”
Says old Uncle Sam.

"First, you must own I 've beat you in fight,"
Lillibulero, old Uncle Sam,

"Then, that I always have been in the right,"
Lillibulero, old Uncle Sam.

"Lero, lero, rather severe O, rather severe,"
Says old Uncle Sam,

"Lero, lero, fillibustero, rather severe,"
Says old Uncle Sam.

"Then you must pay my national debts,"
Lillibulero, old Uncle Sam,

"No questions asked about my assets,"
Lillibulero, old Uncle Sam.

"Lero, lero, that 's very dear O, that 's very dear,"
Says old Uncle Sam,

"Lero, lero, fillibustero, that 's very dear,"
Says old Uncle Sam.

"Also, some few I. O. U.'s and bets,"
Lillibulero, old Uncle Sam,

"Mine and Bob Toombs's and Slidell's and Rhett's,"
Lillibulero, old Uncle Sam.

"Lero, lero, that leaves me zero, that leaves me zero,"
Says old Uncle Sam,

"Lero, lero, fillibustero, that leaves me zero,"
Says old Uncle Sam.

“ And, by the way, one little thing more,”

Lillibulero, old Uncle Sam,

“ You ’re to refund the cost of the war,”

Lillibulero, old Uncle Sam.

“ Lero, lero, just what I fear O, just what I fear,”

Says old Uncle Sam,

“ Lero, lero, fillibustero, just what I fear,”

Says old Uncle Sam.

“ Next, you must own our cavalier blood ! ”

Lillibulero, old Uncle Sam,

“ And that your Puritans sprang from the mud ! ”

Lillibulero, old Uncle Sam.

“ Lero, lero, that mud is clear O, that mud is clear,”

Says old Uncle Sam,

“ Lero, lero, fillibustero, that mud is clear,”

Says old Uncle Sam.

“ Slavery ’s of course the chief corner-stone,”

Lillibulero, old Uncle Sam,

“ Of our NEW CIV-IL-I-ZA-TION ! ”

Lillibulero, old Uncle Sam.

“ Lero, lero, that ’s quite sincere O, that ’s quite sincere,”

Says old Uncle Sam,

“ Lero, lero, fillibustero, that ’s quite sincere,”

Says old Uncle Sam.

"You 'll understand, my recreant tool,"

Lillibulero, old Uncle Sam,

"You 're to submit, and we are to rule,"

Lillibulero, old Uncle Sam.

"Lero, lero, are n't you a hero ! are n't you a hero !"

Says old Uncle Sam,

"Lero, lero, fillibustero, are n't you a hero !"

Says old Uncle Sam.

"If to these terms you fully consent,"

Lillibulero, old Uncle Sam,

"I 'll be perpetual King-President,"

Lillibulero, old Uncle Sam.

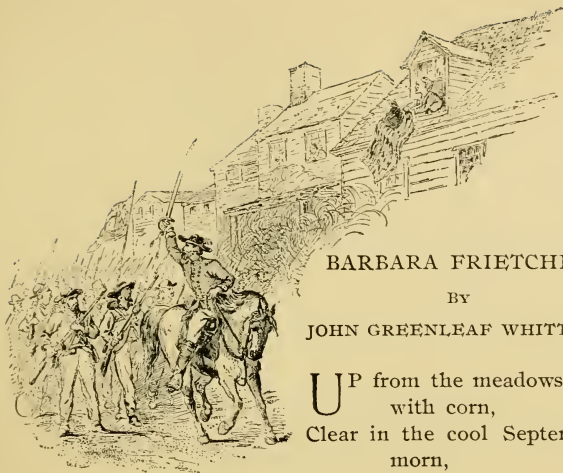
"Lero, lero, take your sombrero, off to your swamps !"

Says old Uncle Sam,

"Lero, lero, fillibustero, cut, double-quick !"

Says old Uncle Sam.





BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

BY

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

UP from the meadows rich
with corn,
Clear in the cool September
morn,

The cluster'd spires of Frederick stand
Green-wall'd by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple- and peach-trees fruited deep.

Fair as the garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famish'd rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early fall,
When Lee march'd over the mountain-wall,—

Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapp'd in the morning wind : the sun
Of noon look'd down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bow'd with her fourscore years and ten ;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men haul'd down ;

In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouch'd hat left and right
He glanced : the old flag met his sight.

" Halt ! "—the dust-brown ranks stood fast
" Fire ! "—out blazed the rifle blast.

It shiver'd the window, pane and sash ;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell from the broken staff,
Dame Barbara snatch'd the silken scarf.

She lean'd far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame
Over the face of the leader came.

The nobler nature within him stirr'd
To life at that woman's deed and word :

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog ! March on !" he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet :

All day long that free flag tost
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well ;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the rebel rides on his raids no more,

Honor to her ! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave !

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law ;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town !





MUSIC IN CAMP.

BY JOHN R. THOMPSON.

TWO armies covered hill and plain,
Where Rappahannock's waters
Ran deeply crimsoned with the stain
Of battle's recent slaughters.

The summer clouds lay pitched like tents
In meads of heavenly azure ;
And each dread gun of the elements
Slept in its high embrasure.

The breeze so softly blew, it made
No forest leaf to quiver ;
And the smoke of the random cannonade
Rolled slowly from the river.

And now where circling hills looked down
With cannon grimly planted,
O'er listless camp and silent town
The golden sunset slanted.

When on the fervid air there came
A strain, now rich, now tender ;
The music seemed itself aflame
With day's departing splendor.

A Federal band, which eve and morn
Played measures brave and nimble,
Had just struck up with flute and horn
And lively clash of cymbal.

Down flocked the soldiers to the banks ;
Till, margined by its pebbles,
One wooded shore was blue with " Yanks,"
And one was gray with " Rebels."

Then all was still ; and then the band,
With movement light and tricky,
Made stream and forest, hill and strand,
Reverberate with " Dixie."

The conscious stream, with burnished glow,
Went proudly o'er its pebbles,
But thrilled throughout its deepest flow
With yelling of the Rebels.

Again a pause ; and then again
The trumpet pealed sonorous,
And " Yankee Doodle " was the strain
To which the shore gave chorus.

The laughing ripple shoreward flew
 To kiss the shining pebbles ;
 Loud shrieked the swarming Boys in Blue
 Defiance to the Rebels.

And yet once more the bugle sang
 Above the stormy riot ;
 No shout upon the evening rang—
 There reigned a holy quiet.

The sad, slow stream, its noiseless flood
 Poured o'er the glistening pebbles ;
 All silent now the Yankees stood,
 All silent stood the Rebels.

No unresponsive soul had heard
 That plaintive note's appealing,
 So deeply "Home, Sweet Home " had stirred
 The hidden founts of feeling.

Or Blue, or Gray, the soldier sees,
 As by the wand of fairy,
 The cottage 'neath the live oak trees,
 The cabin by the prairie.

Or cold, or warm, his native skies
 Bend in their beauty o'er him ;
 Seen through the tear-mist in his eyes,
 His loved ones stand before him.

As fades the iris after rain
In April's tearful weather,
The vision vanished as the strain
And daylight died together.

But Memory, waked by Music's art,
Expressed in simple numbers,
Subdued the sternest Yankee's heart,
Made light the Rebel's slumbers.

And fair the form of Music shines—
That bright celestial creature—
Who still 'mid War's embattled lines
Gave this one touch of Nature.

[Southern.]





FREDERICKSBURG.

(December, 1862.)

BY W. F. W.

EIGHTEEN hundred and sixty-two,—
That is the number of wounded men
Who, if the telegraph's tale be true,
Reached Washington City but yestere'en.

And it is but a handful, the telegrams add,
To those who are coming by boats and by cars,
Weary and wounded, dying and sad ;
Covered—but only in front—with scars.

Some are wounded by Minie shot,
Others are torn by the hissing shell,
As it burst upon them as fierce and as hot
As a demon spawned in a traitor's hell.

Some are pierced by the sharp bayonet,
Others are crushed by the horses' hoof,
Or fell 'neath the shower of iron which met
Them as hail beats down on an open roof.

Shall I tell what they did to meet this fate?
Why was this living death their doom?
Why did they fall to this piteous state
Neath the rifle's crack and the cannon's boom?

Orders arrived, and the river they crossed;
Built the bridge in the enemy's face;
No matter how many were shot and lost,
And floated—sad corpses—away from the place.

Orders they heard, and they scaled the height,
Climbing right "into the jaws of death";
Each man grasping his rifle-piece tight,
Scarcely pausing to draw his breath.

Sudden flashed on them a sheet of flame
From hidden fence and from ambushade;
A moment more—(they say this is fame)—
A thousand dead men on the grass were laid.

Fifteen thousand in wounded and killed,
At least, is "our loss," the newspapers say.
This loss to our army must surely be filled
Against another great battle day.

"Our loss!" Whose loss? Let demagogues say
That the Cabinet, President, all are in wrong :
What do the orphans and widows pray ?
What is the burden of their sad song?

'T is *their* loss ! but the tears in their weeping eyes
Hide Cabinet, President, Generals,—all ;
And they only can see a cold form that lies
On the hill-side slope, by that fatal wall.

They cannot discriminate men or means,—
They only demand that this blundering cease.
In their frenzied grief they would end such scenes,
Though that end be—even with traitors—peace.

Is thy face from thy people turned, O God ?
Is thy arm for the nation no longer strong ?
We cry from our homes—the dead cry from the sod—
How long, oh, our righteous God ! how long ?



TREASON'S LAST DEVICE.

BY EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

[Certain politicians proposed, as a means of ending the war, that a new confederacy or union should be formed, from which the New England States should be excluded because of their implacable hostility to slavery and their consequent obnoxiousness to the South. There were many spirited replies to this proposal, the best of which is this poem.—EDITOR.]

“ Who deserves greatness
Deserves your hate . . .
Yon common cry of curs, whose breath I loathe
As reek o’ the rotten fens.”

Coriolanus.

“ Hark ! hark ! the dogs do bark.”

Nursery Rhyme.

S ONS of New England in the fray,
Do you hear the clamor behind your back ?
Do you hear the yelping of Blanche and Tray ?
Sweetheart, and all the mongrel pack ?
Girded well with her ocean crags,
Little our mother heeds their noise ;

Her eyes are fixed on crimson flags :
But you—do you hear it, Yankee boys?

Do you hear them say that the patriot fire
Burns on her altars too pure and bright,
To the darkened heavens leaping higher,
Though drenched with the blood of every fight?
That in the light of its searching flame
Treason and tyrants stand revealed,
And the yielding craven is put to shame
On Capitol floor or foughten field?

Do you hear the hissing voice which saith
That she—who bore through all the land
The lyre of Freedom, the torch of Faith,
And young Invention's mystic wand—
Should gather her skirts and dwell apart,
With not one of her sisters to share her fate,—
A Hagar, wandering sick at heart?
A pariah bearing the nation's hate?

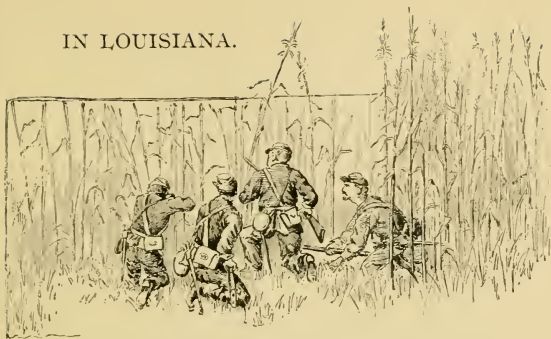
Sons, who have peopled the gorgeous West,
And planted the Pilgrim arm anew,
Where by a richer soil caressed,
It grows as ever its parent grew,—
Say, do you hear—while the very bells
Of your churches ring with her ancient voice,
And the song of your children sweetly tells
How true was the land of your fathers' choice—

Do you hear the traitors who bid you speak
The word that shall sever the sacred tie?
And ye who dwell by the golden peak,
Has the subtle whisper glided by?
Has it crossed the immemorial plains
To coasts where the gray Pacific roars,
And the Pilgrim blood in the people's veins
Is pure as the wealth of their mountain ores?

Spirits of sons who side by side
In a hundred battles fought and fell,
Whom now no East and West divide,
In the isles where the shades of heroes dwell,—
Say, has it reached your glorious rest,
And ruffled the calm which crowns you there?
The shame that recreants have confest
The plot that floats in the troubled air?

Sons of New England, here and there,
Wherever men are still holding by
The honor our fathers left so fair,—
Say, do you hear the cowards' cry?
Crouching amongst her grand old crags,
Lightly our mother heeds their noise,
With her fond eyes fixed on distant flags;
But you—do you hear it, Yankee boys?

IN LOUISIANA.



BY J. W. DE FOREST.

WITHOUT a hillock stretched the plain ;
For months we had not seen a hill ;
The endless, flat Savannahs still
Wearied our eyes with waving cane.

One tangled cane-field lay before
The ambush of the cautious foe ;
Behind a black bayou, with low
Reed-hidden, miry, treacherous shore ;

A sullen swamp along the right,
Where alligators slept and crawled,
And moss-robed cypress giants sprawled
Athwart the noontide's blistering light.

Quick, angry spite of musketry
Proclaimed our skirmishers at work ;
We saw their crouching figures lurk
Through thickets firing from the knee.

Our Parrotts felt the distant wood
With humming, shrieking, growling shell ;
When suddenly the mouth of hell
Gaped fiercely for its human food.

A long and low blue roll of smoke
Curled up a hundred yards ahead,
And deadly storms of driving lead
From rifle-pits and cane-fields broke.

Then, while the bullets whistled thick,
And hidden batteries boomed and shelled,
“ Charge bayonets ! ” the colonel yelled ;
“ Battalion forward,—double quick ! ”

With even slopes of bayonets
Advanced—a dazzling, threatening crest—
Right toward the rebels’ hidden nest,
The dark blue, living billow sets.

The color-guard was at my side ;
I heard the color-sergeant groan ;
I heard the bullet crush the bone ;
I might have touched him as he died.

The life-blood spouted from his mouth
And sanctified the wicked land ;
Of martyred saviors what a band
Has suffered to redeem the South !

I had no malice in my mind ;
I only cried : " Close up ! guide right ! "
My single purpose in the fight
Was steady march with eyes aligned.

I glanced along the martial rows,
And marked the soldiers' eyeballs burn ;
Their eager faces hot and stern,—
The wrathful triumph on their brows.

The traitors saw ; they reeled and fled :
Fear-stricken, gray-clad multitudes
Streamed wildly toward the covering woods,
And left us victory and their dead.

Once more the march, the tiresome plain,
The Father River fringed with dykes,
Gray cypresses, palmetto spikes,
Bayous and swamps and yellowing canes ;

With here and there plantations rolled
In flowers, bananas, orange groves,
Where laugh the sauntering negro droves,
Reposing from the task of old ;

And rarer, half-deserted towns,
Devoid of men, where women scowl,
Avoiding us as lepers foul
With sidling gait and flouting gowns.

Thibodeaux, La., March, 1863.





JOHN PELHAM.

BY JAMES R. RANDALL.

[In most of the collections this poem is printed under the title of "The Dead Cannoneer," but the author assures the present editor that the only title he ever gave it is the name of the boy general, "John Pelham," who was killed at Kelly's Ford, Virginia, 17th March, 1863.—EDITOR.]

JUST as the spring came laughing through the strife,
With all its gorgeous cheer,
In the bright April of historic life,
Fell the great cannoneer.

The wondrous lulling of a hero's breath
His bleeding country weeps ;
Hushed in the alabaster arms of Death,
Our young Marcellus sleeps.

Nobler and grander than the Child of Rome
Curbing his chariot steeds,
The knightly scion of a Southern home
Dazzled the land with deeds.

Gentlest and bravest in the battle-brunt,
The champion of the truth,
He bore his banner to the very front
Of our immortal youth.

A clang of sabres 'mid Virginian snow,
The fiery pang of shells,—
And there 's a wail of immemorial woe
In Alabama dells.

The pennon drops that led the sacred band
Along the crimson field ;
The meteor blade sinks from the nerveless hand
Over the spotless shield.

We gazed and gazed upon that beauteous face ;
While round the lips and eyes,
Couched in their marble slumber, flashed the grace
Of a divine surprise.

O mother of a blessed soul on high !
Thy tears may soon be shed ;
Think of thy boy with princes of the sky,
Among the Southern dead !

How must he smile on this dull world beneath,
Fevered with swift renown,—
He, with the martyr's amaranthine wreath
Twining the victor's crown !

[Southern.]





THE BATTLE OF CHARLESTON HARBOR.

(Bombardment of Fort Sumter by the fleet, 7th April, 1863.)

BY PAUL, H. HAYNE.

I.

TWO hours, or more, beyond the prime of a blithe
April day,
The Northmen's mailed "Invincibles" steamed up fair
Charleston Bay ;
They came in sullen file and slow, low-breasted on the
wave,
Black as a midnight front of storm, and silent as the
grave.

II.

A thousand warrior-hearts beat high as those dread mon-
sters drew
More closely to the game of death across the breezeless
blue,
And twice ten thousand hearts of those who watched the
scene afar,
Thrill in the awful hush that bides the battle's broaden-
ing star.

III.

Each gunner, moveless by his gun, with rigid aspect
stands,
The ready lanyards firmly grasped in bold, untrembling
hands,
So moveless in their marbled calm, their stern heroic
guise,
They looked like forms of statued stone with burning
human eyes !

IV.

Our banners on the outmost walls, with stately rustling
fold,
Flash back from arch and parapet the sunlight's ruddy
gold,—
They mount to the deep roll of drums, and widely echo-
ing cheers,
And then—once more, dark, breathless, hushed, wait the
grim cannoneers.

V.

Onward—in sullen file and slow, low glooming on the
wave,
Near, nearer still, the haughty fleet glides silent as the
grave,
When sudden, shivering up the calm, o'er startled flood
and shore,
Burst from the sacred Island Fort the thunder-wrath of
yore !

VI.

Ha ! brutal Corsairs ! though ye come thrice-cased in iron
mail,
Beware the storm that 's opening now, God's vengeance
guides the hail !
Ye strive, the ruffian types of Might, 'gainst law and
truth and Right ;
Now quail beneath a sturdier Power, and own a mightier
Might !

VII.

No empty boast ! for while we speak, more furious,
wilder, higher,
Dart from the circling batteries a hundred tongues of
fire ;
The waves gleam red, the lurid vault of heaven seems
rent above ;
Fight on, O knightly gentlemen ! for faith and home and
love !

VIII.

There 's not in all that line of flame, one soul that would
not rise
To seize the victor's wreath of blood, though death must
give the prize—
There 's not in all this anxious crowd that throngs the
ancient town
A maid who does not yearn for power to strike one despot
down.

IX.

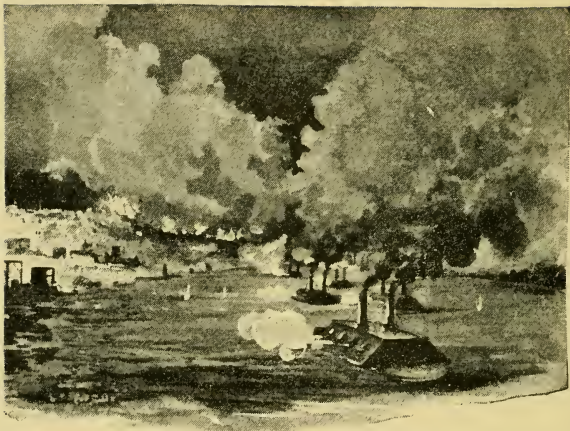
The strife grows fiercer ! ship by ship the proud armada
sweeps,
Where hot from Sumter's raging breast the volleyed
lightning leaps ;
And ship by ship, raked, overborne, ere burned the sun-
set light,
Crawls in the gloom of baffled hate beyond the field of
fight !

X.

O glorious Empress of the Main ! from out thy storied
spires
Thou well mayst peal thy bells of joy, and light thy festal
fires,—
Since Heaven this day hath striven for thee, hath nerved
thy dauntless sons,
And thou in clear-eyed faith hast seen God's angels near
the guns !

[Southern.]





RUNNING THE BATTERIES.

• (As observed from the anchorage above Vicksburg, April, 1863.)

BY HERMAN MELVILLE.

A MOONLESS night—a friendly one ;
A haze dimmed the shadowy shore
As the first lampless boat slid silent on ;
Hist ! and we spake no more ;
We but pointed, and stilly, to what we saw.

We felt the dew, and seemed to feel
The secret like a burden laid.
The first boat melts ; and a second keel
Is blent with the foliated shade—
Their midnight rounds have the rebel officers made?
Unspied as yet. A third—a fourth—
Gunboat and transport in Indian file
Upon the war-path, smooth from the North ;
But the watch may they hope to beguile?
The manned river-batteries stretch far mile on mile.
A flame leaps out ; they are seen ;
Another and another gun roars ;
We tell the course of the boats through the screen
By each further fort that pours,
And we guess how they jump from their beds on those
shrouded shores.
Converging fires. We speak, though low :
“ That blastful furnace can they thread? ”
“ Why, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego
Came out all right, we read ;
The Lord, be sure, he helps his people, Ned.”
How we strain our gaze. On bluffs they shun
A golden growing flame appears—
Confirms to a silvery steadfast one :
“ The town is afire! ” crows Hugh ; “ three cheers! ”
Lot stops his mouth : “ Nay, lad, better three tears.”

A purposed light ; it shows our fleet ;
Yet a little late in its searching ray,
So far and strong, that in phantom cheat
Lank on the deck our shadows lay ;
The shining flag-ship stings their guns to furious play.

How dread to mark her near the glare
And glade of death the beacon throws
Athwart the racing waters there ;
One by one each plainer grows,
Then speeds a blazoned target to our gladdened foes.

The impartial cresset lights as well
The fixed forts to the boats that run ;
And, plunged from the ports, their answers swell
Back to each fortress dun :
Ponderous words speaks every monster gun.

Fearless they flash through gates of flame,
The salamanders hard to hit,
Though vivid shows each bulky frame ;
And never the batteries intermit,
Nor the boat's huge guns ; they fire and flit.

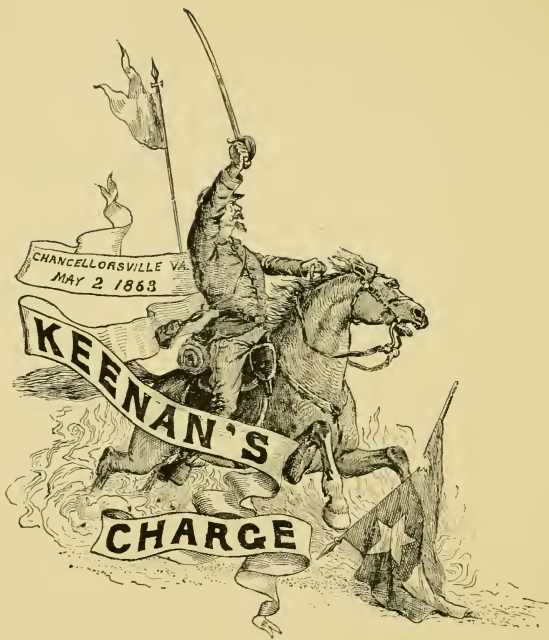
Anon a lull. The beacon dies.
“ Are they out of that strait accurst ? ”
But other flames now dawning rise,
Not mellowly brilliant like the first,
But rolled in smoke, whose whitish volumes burst.

A baleful brand, a hurrying torch
Whereby anew the boats are seen—
A burning transport all alurch !
Breathless we gaze ; yet still we glean
Glimpses of beauty as we eager lean.

The effulgence takes an amber glow
Which bathes the hillside villas far ;
Affrighted ladies mark the show
Painting the pale magnolia—
The fair, false, Circe light of cruel War.

The barge drifts doomed, a plague-struck one,
Shoreward in yawls the sailors fly.
But the gauntlet now is nearly run,
The spleenful forts by fits reply,
And the burning boat dies down in morning's sky.

All out of range. Adieu, Messieurs !
Jeers, as it speeds, our parting gun.
So burst we through their barriers
And menaces every one ;
So Porter proves himself a brave man's son.



BY GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

BY the shrouded gleam of the western skies,
Brave Keenan looked in Pleasanton's eyes
For an instant—clear, and cool, and still ;
Then, with a smile, he said : “ I will.”

“Cavalry, charge!” Not a man of them shrank;
 Their sharp, full cheer, from rank on rank,
 Rose joyously, with a willing breath—
 Rose like a greeting hail to death.
 Then forward they sprang, and spurred, and clashed;
 Shouted the officers, crimson-sashed;
 Rode well the men, each brave as his fellow,
 In their faded coats of the blue and yellow;
 And above in the air, with an instinct true,
 Like a bird of war their pennon flew.

With clank of scabbards and thunder of steeds,
 And blades that shine like sunlit reeds,
 And strong brown faces bravely pale,
 For fear their proud attempt shall fail,
 Three hundred Pennsylvanians close
 On twice ten thousand gallant foes.

Line after line the troopers came
 To the edge of the wood that was ring'd with flame;
 Rode in and sabred and shot—and fell:
 Nor came one back his wounds to tell.
 And full in the midst rose Keenan, tall
 In the gloom, like a martyr awaiting his fall,
 While the circle-stroke of his sabre, swung
 'Round his head, like a halo there, luminous hung.
 Line after line, ay, whole platoons,
 Struck dead in their saddles, of brave dragoons

By the maddened horses were onward borne
And into the vortex flung, trampled and torn ;
As Keenan fought with his men, side by side.

So they rode, till there were no more to ride.

But over them lying there, shattered and mute,
What deep echo rolls? 'T is a death salute
From the cannon in place ; for, heroes, you braved
Your fate not in vain : the army was saved !
Over them now—year following year—
Over their graves the pine-cones fall,
And the whippoorwill chants his spectre-call ;
But they stir not again ; they raise no cheer :
They have ceased. But their glory shall never cease,
Nor their light be quenched in the light of peace.
The rush of their charge is resounding still,
That saved the army at Chancellorsville.





DEATH OF STONEWALL JACKSON.

BY HARRY L. FLASH.

NOT 'mid the lightning of the stormy fight,
Not in the rush upon the vandal foe,
Did kingly Death, with his resistless might,
Lay the great leader low.

His warrior soul its earthly shackles broke
In the full sunshine of a peaceful town ;
When all the storm was hushed, the trusty oak
That propped our cause went down.

Though his alone the blood that flecks the ground,
Recording all his grand, heroic deeds,
Freedom herself is writhing with the wound,
And all the country bleeds.

He entered not the Nation's Promised Land
At the red belching of the cannon's mouth ;
But broke the House of Bondage with his hand—
The Moses of the South !

O gracious God ! not gainless is the loss :
A glorious sunbeam gilds thy sternest frown ;
And while his country staggers with the Cross,
He rises with the Crown.

[Southern.]





UNDER THE SHADE OF THE TREES.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

[The last words of Stonewall Jackson were : “ Let us cross the river and rest under the shade of the trees.”
—EDITOR.]

WHAT are the thoughts that are stirring his breast?
What is the mystical vision he sees ?
—“ Let us pass over the river, and rest
Under the shade of the trees.”

Has he grown sick of his toils and his tasks ?
Sighs the worn spirit for respite or ease ?
Is it a moment's cool halt that he asks
Under the shade of the trees ?

Is it the gurgle of waters whose flow
Ofttime has come to him, borne on the breeze,
Memory listens to, lapsing so low,
Under the shade of the trees ?

Nay—though the rasp of the flesh was so sore,
Faith, that had yearnings far keener than these,
Saw the soft sheen of the Thitherward Shore
Under the shade of the trees ;—

Caught the high psalms of ecstatic delight—
Heard the harps harping, like soundings of seas—
Watched earth's assoilèd ones walking in white
Under the shade of the trees.

Oh, was it strange he should pine for release,
Touched to the soul with such transports as these,—
He who so needed the balsam of peace,
Under the shade of the trees ?

Yea, it was noblest for him—it was best
(Questioning naught of our Father's decrees),
There to pass over the river and rest
Under the shade of the trees !

[Southern.]





STONEWALL JACKSON.

(Mortally wounded at Chancellorsville, May, 1863.)

BY HERMAN MELVILLE.

THE Man who fiercest charged in fight,
Whose sword and prayer were long—
Stonewall !

Even him who stoutly stood for Wrong,
How can we praise? Yet coming days
Shall not forget him with this song.

Dead is the Man whose Cause is dead,
Vainly he died and set his seal—
Stonewall !

Earnest in error, as we feel ;
True to the thing he deemed was due,
True as John Brown or steel.

Relentlessly he routed us ;
But *we* relent, for he is low—
Stonewall !

Justly his fame we outlaw ; so
We drop a tear on the bold Virginia's bier,
Because no wreath we owe.



BY GEORGE H. BOKER.

DARK as the clouds of even,
Ranked in the western heaven,
Waiting the breath that lifts
All the dead mass, and drifts
Tempest and falling brand
Over a ruined land,—
So still and orderly,
Arm to arm, knee to knee,
Waiting the great event,
Stands the black regiment.

Down the long dusky line
Teeth gleam and eyeballs shine ;
And the bright bayonet,
Bristling and firmly set,

Flashed with a purpose grand,
Long ere the sharp command
Of the fierce rolling drum
Told them their time had come,
Told them what work was sent
For the black regiment.

“Now,” the flag-sergeant cried,
“Though death and and hell betide,
Let the whole nation see
If we are fit to be
Free in this land; or bound
Down, like the whining hound,—
Bound with red stripes of pain
In our cold chains again!”
Oh, what a shout there went
From the black regiment!

“Charge!” trump and drum awoke;
Onward the bondsmen broke;
Bayonet and sabre-stroke
Vainly opposed their rush.
Through the wild battle’s crush,
With but one thought aflush,
Driving their lords like chaff,
In the gun’s mouth they laugh;
Or at the slippery brands,
Leaping with open hands,

Down they tear man and horse,
Down in their awful course ;
Trampling with bloody heel
Over the crushing steel,—
All their eyes forward bent,
Rushed the black regiment.

“ Freedom ! ” their battle-cry,—
“ Freedom ! or leave to die ! ”
Ah ! and they meant the word,
Not as with us ’t is heard,
Not a mere party shout ;
They gave their spirits out,
Trusted the end to God,
And on the gory sod
Rolled in triumphant blood.
Glad to strike one free blow.
Whether for weal or woe ;
Glad to breathe one free breath,
Though on the lips of death ;
Praying,—alas ! in vain !
That they might fall again,
So they could once more see
That burst to liberty !
This was what “ freedom ” lent
To the black regiment.

Hundreds on hundreds fell ;
But they are resting well ;

Scourges, and shackles strong
Never shall do them wrong.
Oh, to the living few,
Soldiers, be just and true !
Hail them as comrades tried ;
Fight with them side by side.
Never, in field or tent,
Scorn the black regiment !

May 27, 1863.





LITTLE GIFFEN OF TENNESSEE.

BY FRANCIS O. TICKNOR.

OUT of the focal and foremost fire,
Out of the hospital walls as dire,
Smitten of grape-shot and gangrene,
(Eighteenth battle, and he sixteen !)
Spectre such as we seldom see,
Little Giffen of Tennessee !

“ Take him—and welcome ! ” the surgeon said ;
“ Much your doctor can help the dead ! ”
And so we took him and brought him where
The balm was sweet on the summer air ;
And we laid him down on a wholesome bed—
Utter Lazarus, heel to head !

Weary war with the bated breath,
Skeleton boy against skeleton Death,
Months of torture, how many such !
Weary weeks of the stick and crutch !
Still a glint in the steel-blue eye
Spoke of the spirit that would not die,

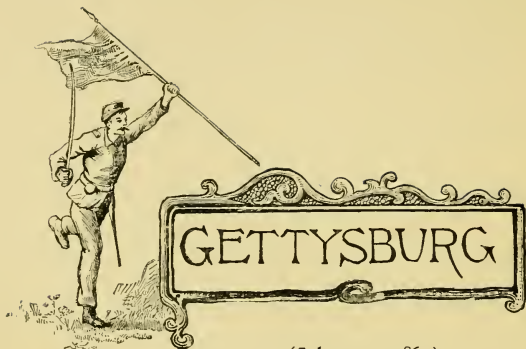
And did n't nay, more ! in death's despite
The crippled skeleton learned to write !
" Dear mother," at first, of course ; and then,
" Dear captain "—inquiring about " the men."
Captain's answer—" Of eighty and five,
Giffen and I are left alive !"

" Johnston 's pressed at the front, they say !"
Little Giffen was up and away.
A tear, his first, as he bade good-by,
Dimmed the glint of his steel-blue eye ;
" I 'll write, if spared." There was news of a fight,
But none of Giffen. He did not write !

I sometimes fancy that were I king
Of the princely knights of the Golden Ring,
With the song of the minstrel in mine ear,
And the tender legend that trembles here,
I 'd give the best, on his bended knee,
The whitest soul of my chivalry,
For Little Giffen of Tennessee !

[Southern.]





(July 1, 2, 3, 1863.)

BY EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.



WAVE, wave your glorious battle-
flags, brave soldiers of the North,
And from the fields your arms have
won to-day go proudly forth !
For now, O comrades dear and leal—from
whom no ills could part,
Through the long years of hopes and fears, the nation's
constant heart—
Men who have driven so oft the foe, so oft have striven
in vain,
Yet ever in the perilous hour have crossed his path
again,—

At last we have our heart's desire, from them we met
have wrung

A victory that round the world shall long be told and
sung !

It was the memory of the past that bore us through the
fray,

That gave the grand old army strength to conquer on
this day !

Oh, now forget how dark and red Virginia's rivers flow,
The Rappahannock's tangled wilds, the glory and the
woe ;

The fever-hung encampments, where our dying knew
full sore

How sweet the north-wind to the cheek it soon shall cool
no more ;

The fields we fought, and gained, and lost ; the lowland
sun and rain

That wasted us, that bleached the bones of our unburied
slain !

There was no lack of foes to meet, of deaths to die no
lack,

And all the hawks of heaven learned to follow on our
track ;

But henceforth, hovering southward, their flight shall
mark afar

The paths of yon retreating host that shun the northern
star

At night before the closing fray, when all the front was
still,
We lay in bivouac along the cannon-crested hill.
Ours was the dauntless Second Corps ; and many a soldier knew
How sped the fight, and sternly thought of what was yet
to do.
Guarding the centre there, we lay, and talked with bated
breath
Of Buford's stand beyond the town, of gallant Reynolds' death,
Of cruel retreats through pent-up streets by murderous
volleys swept,—
How well the Stone, the Iron, brigades their bloody out-
posts kept :
'T was for the Union, for the Flag, they perished, heroes
all,
And we swore to conquer in the end, or even like them
to fall.

And passed from mouth to mouth the tale of what grim
day just done,
The fight by Round Top's craggy spur—of all the deadliest one ;
It saved the left : but on the right they pressed us back
too well,
And like a field in spring the ground was ploughed with
shot and shell.

There was the ancient graveyard, its hummocks crushed
and red.
And there, between them, side by side, the wounded
and the dead :
The mangled corpses fallen above—the peaceful dead
below,
Laid in their graves, to slumber here, a score of years
ago ;
It seemed their waking, wandering shades were asking
of our slain,
What brought such hideous tumult now where they so
still had lain !

Bright rose the sun of Gettysburg that morrow morning-
tide,
And call of trump and roll of drum from height to height
replied.
Hark ! from the east already goes up the rattling din ;
The Twelfth Corps, winning back their ground, right
well the day begin !
They whirl fierce Ewell from their front ! Now we of the
Second pray,
As right and left the brunt have borne, the centre might
to-day.
But all was still from hill to hill for many a breathless
hour,
While for the coming battle-shock Lee gathered in his
power ;

And back and forth our leaders rode, who knew not rest
or fear,
And along the lines, where'er they came, went up the
ringing cheer.

'T was past the hour of nooning ; the summer skies were
blue ;
Behind the covering timber the foe was hid from view ;
So fair and sweet with waving wheat the pleasant valley
lay,
It brought to mind our Northern homes and meadows far
away ;
When the whole western ridge at once was fringed with
fire and smoke,
Against our lines from seven-score guns the dreadful
tempest broke !
Then loud our batteries answer, and far along the crest,
And to and fro the roaring bolts are driven east and
west ;
Heavy and dark around us glooms the stifling sulphur-
cloud,
And the cries of mangled men and horse go up beneath
its shroud.

The guns are still : the end is nigh : we grasp our arms
anew ;
Oh, now let every heart be stanch and every aim be
true !

For look ! from yonder wood that skirts the valley's
further marge,

The flower of all the Southern host move to the final
charge.

By heaven ! it is a fearful sight to see their double rank
Come with a hundred battle-flags—a mile from flank to
flank !

Tramping the grain to earth, they come, ten thousand
men abreast ;

Their standards wave—their hearts are brave—they hasten
not, nor rest,

But close the gaps our cannon make, and onward press,
and nigher,

And, yelling at our very front, again pour in their fire.

Now burst our sheeted lightnings forth, now all our wrath
has vent !

They die, they wither ; through and through their waver-
ing lines are rent.

But these are gallant, desperate men, of our own race and
land,

Who charge anew, and welcome death, and fight us hand
to hand :

Vain, vain ! give way, as well ye may—the crimson die is
cast !

Their bravest leaders bite the dust, their strength is fail-
ing fast ;

They yield, they turn, they fly the field : we smite them
as they run ;

Their arms, their colors, are our spoil ; the furious fight
is done !

Across the plain we follow far and backward push the
fray :

Cheer ! cheer ! the grand old Army at last has won the
day !

Hurrah ! the day has won the cause ! No gray-clad host
henceforth

Shall come with fire and sword to tread the highways of
the North !

'T was such a flood as when ye see, along the Atlantic
shore,

The great spring-tide roll grandly in with swelling surge
and roar :

It seems no wall can stay its leap or balk its wild desire
Beyond the bound that Heaven hath fixed to higher
mount, and higher ;

But now, when whitest lifts its crest, most loud its billows
call,

Touched by the Power that led them on, they fall, and
fall, and fall.

Even thus, unstayed upon his course, to Gettysburg the
foe

His legions led, and fought, and fled, and might no
further go.

Full many a dark-eyed Southern girl shall weep her
lover dead ;

But with a price the fight was ours—we too have tears to
shed !
The bells that peal our triumph forth anon shall toll the
brave,
Above whose heads the cross must stand, the hill-side
grasses wave !
Alas ! alas ! the trampled grass shall thrive another year,
The blossoms on the apple-boughs with each new spring
appear,
But when our patriot-soldiers fall, Earth gives them up
to God ;
Though their souls rise in clearer skies, their forms are
as the sod ;
Only their names and deeds are ours—but, for a century
yet,
The dead who fell at Gettysburg the land shall not
forget.

God send us peace ! and where for aye the loved and lost
recline
Let fall, O South, your leaves of palm—O North, your
sprigs of pine !
But when, with every ripened year, we keep the harvest-
home,
And to the dear Thanksgiving-feast our sons and daugh-
ters come—
When children's children throng the board in the old
homestead spread,

And the bent soldier of these wars is seated at the head,
Long, long the lads shall listen to hear the gray-beard
tell

Of those who fought at Gettysburg and stood their
ground so well:

"'T was for the Union and the Flag," the veteran shall
say,

"Our grand old Army held the ridge, and won that
glorious day!"





AT GETTYSBURG.

LIKE a furnace of fire blazed the midsummer sun,
When to saddle we leaped at the order,
Spurred on by the boom of the deep-throated gun
That told of the foe on our border.

A mist in our rear lay Antietam's dark plain,
And thoughts of its carnage came o'er us ;
But smiling beyond surged the fields of ripe grain,
And we swore none should reap it before us.

That night, with the ensign who rode by my side,
On the camp's dreary edge I stood picket,
Our ears intent lest every wind-rustle hide
A foe's stealthy tread in the thicket ;
And there, while we watched the first arrows of dawn
Through the veil of the rising mists quiver,
He told how the foeman had closed in upon
His home by the Tennessee River.

He spoke of a sire in his weakness cut down,
With his last breath the traitor-flag scorning ;

And his brow with the memory grew dark with a frown
That paled the red light of the morning.
For days he had followed the cowardly band ;
And, when one lagged to forage or trifle,
Had seared in his forehead the deep Minié brand,
And scored a fresh notch in his rifle.

But one of the rangers had cheated his fate—
For him he would search the world over :
Such cool-plotting passion, such keenness of hate,
Ne'er saw I in woman-scorned lover.
Oh, who would have thought that beneath those dark
curls
Lurked vengeance as sure as death-rattle ;
Or fancied those dreamy eyes, soft as a girl's,
Could light with the fury of battle ?

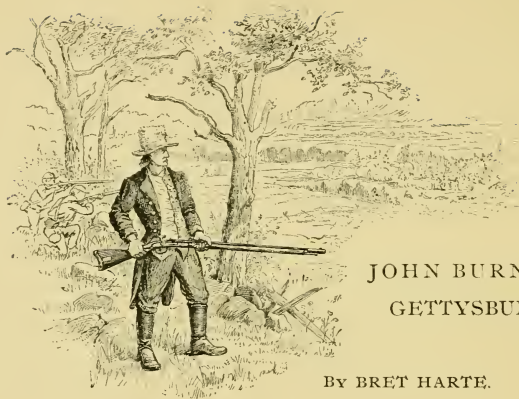
To horse ! pealed the bugle, while grape-shot and shell
Overhead through the forest were crashing ;
A cheer for the flag—and the summer light fell
On the blades from a thousand sheaths flashing.
As mad ocean-waves to the storm-revel flock,
So on we dashed, heedless of dangers ;
A moment our long line surged back at the shock,
Then swept through the ranks of the Rangers.

I looked for the ensign. Ahead of his troop,
Pressing on through the conflict infernal,

His torn flag furled round him in festoon and loop,
He spurred to the side of his colonel.
And his clear voice rang out, as I saw his bright sword
Through shako and gaudy plume shiver,
With, "This for the last of the murderous horde!"
And, "This for the home by the river!"

At evening, returned from pursuit of the foe,
By a shell-shattered caisson we found him;
And we buried him there in the sunset's red glow,
With the dear old flag knotted around him.
Yet how could we mourn, when each drum's muffled
strain
Told of foemen hurled back in disorder,—
When we knew the North reaped her rich harvest of
grain,
Unharm'd by a foe on her border!





JOHN BURNS OF
GETTYSBURG.

BY BRET HARTE.

[A Union officer who was with the Eleventh Corps in the battle of Gettysburg says : “ During the first day’s fight, an old man, in a swallow-tailed coat and battered cylinder hat, came stalking across the fields from the town, and made his appearance at Colonel Stone’s position. With a musket in his hand and ammunition in his pocket, this venerable citizen asked Colonel Wister’s permission to fight. Wister directed him to go over to the Iron Brigade, where he would be sheltered by the woods ; but the old man insisted on going forward to the skirmish line. He was allowed to do so, and continued firing until the skirmishers retired, when he was the last

man to leave. He afterwards fought with the Iron Brigade, where he was three times wounded. This patriotic and heroic citizen was Constable John Burns of Gettysburg.”—AUTHOR’S NOTE.]

HAVE you heard the story that gossips tell
Of Burns of Gettysburg? No? Ah, well:
Brief is the glory that hero earns,
Briefer the story of poor John Burns;
He was the fellow who won renown—
The only man who did n’t back down
When the rebels rode through his native town;
But held his own in the fight next day,
When all his townsfolk ran away.
That was in July, sixty-three,—
The very day that General Lee,
Flower of Southern chivalry,
Baffled and beaten, backward reeled
From a stubborn Meade and a barren field.

I might tell how, but the day before,
John Burns stood at his cottage-door,
Looking down the village street,
Where, in the shade of his peaceful vine,
He heard the low of his gathered kine,
And felt their breath with incense sweet;

Or, I might say, when the sunset burned
The old farm gable, he thought it turned
The milk that fell like a babbling flood
Into the milk-pail, red as blood ;
Or, how he fancied the hum of bees
Were bullets buzzing among the trees.
But all such fanciful thoughts as these
Were strange to a practical man like Burns,
Who minded only his own concerns,
Troubled no more by fancies fine
Than one of his calm-eyed, long-tailed kine,—
Quite old-fashioned and matter-of-fact,
Slow to argue, but quick to act.
That was the reason, as some folk say,
He fought so well on that terrible day.

And it was terrible. On the right
Raged for hours the heady fight,
Thundered the battery's double bass—
Difficult music for men to face ;
While on the left—where now the graves
Undulate like the living waves
That all the day unceasing swept
Up to the pits the rebels kept—
Round-shot ploughed the upland glades,
Sown with bullets, reaped with blades ;
Shattered fences here and there,
Tossed their splinters in the air ;

The very trees were stripped and bare ;
The barns that once held yellow grain
Were heaped with harvests of the slain ;
The cattle bellowed on the plain,
The turkeys screamed with might and main,
And brooding barn-fowl left their rest
With strange shells bursting in each nest.

Just where the tide of battle turns,
Erect and lonely, stood old John Burns.
How do you think the man was dressed ?
He wore an ancient, long buff vest,
Yellow as saffron—but his best ;
And buttoned over his manly breast
Was a bright-blue coat with a rolling collar,
And large gilt buttons—size of a dollar,—
With tails that the country-folk called “swaller.”
He wore a broad-brimmed, bell-crowned hat,
White as the locks on which it sat.
Never had such a sight been seen
For forty years on the village green,
Since old John Burns was a country beau,
And went to the “quiltings” long ago.

Close at his elbows all that day,
Veterans of the Peninsula,
Sunburnt and bearded, charged away ;
And striplings, downy of lip and chin,—

Clerks that the Home-Guard mustered in,—
Glanced, as they passed, at the hat he wore,
Then at the rifle his right hand bore ;
And hailed him, from out their youthful lore,
With scraps of a slangy repertoire :
“ How are you, White Hat ? ” “ Put her through ! ”
“ Your head ’s level ! ” and “ Bully for you ! ”
Called him “ Daddy,”—begged he ’d disclose
The name of the tailor who made his clothes,
And what was the value he set on those ;
While Burns, unmindful of jeer and scoff,
Stood there picking the rebels off—
With his long brown rifle, and bell-crowned hat,
And the swallow-tails they were laughing at.

’T was but a moment, for that respect
Which clothes all courage their voices checked ;
And something the wildest could understand
Spake in the old man’s strong right hand,
And his corded throat, and the lurking frown
Of his eyebrows under his old bell-crown ;
Until, as they gazed, there crept an awe
Through the ranks in whispers, and some men saw,
In the antique vestments and long white hair,
The Past of the Nation in battle there ;
And some of the soldiers since declare
That the gleam of his old white hat afar,
Like the crested plume of the brave Navarre,
That day was their oriflamme of war.

Thus raged the battle. You know the rest ;
How the rebels, beaten, and backward pressed,
Broke at the final charge and ran.
At which John Burns—a practical man—
Shouldered his rifle, unbent his brows,
And then went back to his bees and cows.

That is the story of old John Burns ;
This is the moral the reader learns :
In fighting the battle, the question 's whether
You 'll show a hat that 's white, or a feather.





WOMAN'S WAR MISSION.

FOLD away all your bright-tinted dresses,
Turn the key on your jewels to-day,
And the wealth of your tendril-like tresses
Braid back, in a serious way :
No more delicate gloves, no more laces,
No more trifling in boudoir and bower ;
But come with your souls in your faces—
To meet the stern needs of the hour !

Look around ! By the torchlight unsteady,
The dead and the dying seem one.
What ! paling and trembling already,
Before your dear mission 's begun ?
These wounds are more precious than ghastly ;
Fame presses her lips to each scar,
As she chants of a glory which vastly
Transcends all the horrors of war.

Pause here by this bedside—how mellow
The light showers down on that brow !
Such a brave, brawny visage !—Poor fellow !
Some homestead is missing him now.

Some wife shades her eyes in the clearing,
Some mother sits moaning, distressed,—
While the loved one lies faint, but unfearing,
With the enemy's ball in his breast.

Here 's another : a lad—a mere stripling—
Picked up from the field, almost dead ;
With the blood through his sunny hair rippling
From a horrible gash in the head.
They say he was first in the action,
Gay-hearted, quick-handed, and witty ;
He fought till he fell with exhaustion,
At the gates of our fair Southern city.

Fought and fell 'neath the guns of that city,
With a spirit transcending his years ;
Lift him up in your large-hearted pity,
And touch his pale lips with your tears.
Touch him gently—most sacred the duty
Of dressing that poor shattered hand !
God spare him to rise in his beauty,
And battle once more for the land !

Who groaned? What a passionate murmur—
“ *In thy mercy, O God, let me die !* ”
Ha ! surgeon, your hand must be firmer,
That grape-shot has shattered his thigh.
Fling the light on those poor furrowed features,
Gray-haired and unknown—bless the brother !

O God ! that one of *thy* creatures
Should e'er work such woe on another !

Wipe the sweat from his brow with your kerchief ;
Let the stain tattered collar go wide,
See ! he stretches out blindly to search if
The surgeon still stands at his side.
*" My son 's over yonder ! he 's wounded—
Oh ! this ball that has broken my thigh ! "*
And again he burst out, all a-tremble,—
" In thy mercy, O God ! let me die ! "

Pass on ! It is useless to linger
While others are claiming your care ;
There is need of your delicate finger,
For your womanly sympathy, there !
There are sick ones athirst for caressing—
There are dying ones raving for home—
There are wounds to be bound with a blessing—
And shrouds to make ready for some.

They have gathered about you the harvest
Of death, in its ghastliest view ;
The nearest as well as the farthest
Is here with the traitor and true !
And crowned with your beautiful patience,
Made sunny with love at the heart,
You must balsam the wounds of a nation,
Nor falter, nor shrink from your part !

Up and down through the wards, where the fever
Stalks noisome, and gaunt and impure,
You must go with your steadfast endeavor
To comfort, to counsel, to cure !
I grant that the task 's superhuman,
But strength will be given to you
To do for these dear ones what woman
Alone in her pity can do.

And the lips of the mothers will bless you
As angels sweet visaged and pale !
And the little ones run to caress you,
While the wives and the sisters cry " Hail ! "
But e'en if you drop down unheeded,
What matter? God's ways are the best ;
You 've poured out your life where 't was needed,
And He will take care of the rest.

[Southern.]





THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND MORE.

WE are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more,
From Mississippi's winding stream and from New England's shore ;
We leave our ploughs and workshops, our wives and children dear,
With hearts too full for utterance, with but a silent tear ;
We dare not look behind us, but steadfastly before :
We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more !

If you look across the hill-tops that meet the northern sky,
Long moving lines of rising dust your vision may descry ;
And now the wind, an instant, tears the cloudy veil aside,

And floats aloft our spangled flag in glory and in pride,
And bayonets in the sunlight gleam, and bands brave
music pour :

We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand
more !

If you look all up our valleys where the growing harvests
shine,

You may see our sturdy farmer boys fast forming into line ;
And children from their mother's knees are pulling at
the weeds,

And learning how to reap and sow against their country's
needs ;

And a farewell group stands weeping at every cottage
door :

We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand
more !

You have called us, and we 're coming, by Richmond's
bloody tide

To lay us down, for Freedom's sake, our brothers' bones
beside,

Or from foul treason's savage grasp to wrench the mur-
derous blade,

And in the face of foreign foes its fragments to parade.

Six hundred thousand loyal men and true have gone
before :

We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand
more !



LEE TO THE REAR.

BY JOHN R. THOMPSON.

[During the battles in the Wilderness at the beginning of the campaign of 1864, General Robert E. Lee, impressed with the desperate necessity of carrying a certain peculiarly difficult position, seized the colors of a Texas regiment and undertook to lead the perilous assault in person. The troops and their colonel remonstrated with vehemence, the colonel, in his men's behalf, pledging the regiment to carry the position if General Lee would retire. The troops advanced to the charge shouting "Lee to the Rear!" as a sort of battle cry.—EDITOR.]

DAWN of a pleasant morning in May
Broke through the Wilderness cool and gray ;
While perched in the tallest tree-tops, the birds
Were carolling Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words."

Far from the haunts of men remote,
The brook brawled on with a liquid note ;

And Nature, all tranquil and lovely, wore
The smile of the spring, as in Eden of yore.

Little by little, as daylight increased,
And deepened the roseate flush in the East—
Little by little did morning reveal
Two long glittering lines of steel ;

Where two hundred thousand bayonets gleam,
Tipped with the light of the earliest beam,
And the faces are sullen and grim to see
In the hostile armies of Grant and Lee.

All of a sudden, ere rose the sun,
Pealed on the silence the opening gun—
A little white puff of smoke there came,
And anon the valley was wreathed in flame.

Down on the left of the Rebel lines,
Where a breastwork stands in a copse of pines,
Before the Rebels their ranks can form,
The Yankees have carried the place by storm.

Stars and Stripes on the salient wave,
Where many a hero has found a grave,
And the gallant Confederates strive in vain
The ground they have drenched with their blood,
to regain.

Yet louder the thunder of battle roared—
Yet a deadlier fire on the columns poured ;
Slaughter infernal rode with Despair,
Furies twain, through the murky air.

Not far off, in the saddle there sat
A gray-bearded man in a black slouched hat ;
Not much moved by the fire was he,
Calm and resolute Robert Lee.

Quick and watchful he kept his eye
On the bold Rebel brigades close by,—
Reserves that were standing (and dying) at ease,
While the tempest of wrath toppled over the trees.

For still with their loud, deep, bull-dog bay,
The Yankee batteries blazed away,
And with every murderous second that sped
A dozen brave fellows, alas ! fell dead.

The grand old graybeard rode to the space
Where Death and his victims stood face to face,
And silently waved his old slouched hat—
A world of meaning there was in that !

“ Follow me ! Steady ! We ’ll save the day ! ”
This was what he seemed to say ;
And to the light of his glorious eye
The bold brigades thus made reply :

“ We ’ll go forward, but you must go back ”—
And they moved not an inch in the perilous track :
“ Go to the rear, and we ’ll send them to hell ! ”
And the sound of the battle was lost in their yell.

Turning his bridle, Robert Lee
Rode to the rear. Like waves of the sea,
Bursting the dikes in their overflow,
Madly his veterans dashed on the foe.

And backward in terror that foe was driven,
Their banners rent and their columns riven,
Wherever the tide of battle rolled
Over the Wilderness, wood and wold.

Sunset out of a crimson sky
Streamed o’er a field of ruddier dye,
And the brook ran on with a purple stain,
From the blood of ten thousand foemen slain.

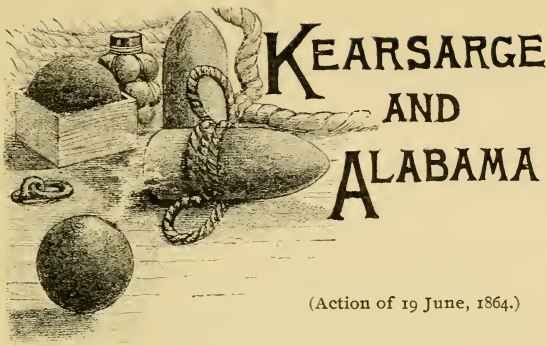
Seasons have passed since that day and year—
Again o’er its pebbles the brook runs clear,
And the field in a richer green is drest
Where the dead of a terrible conflict rest.

Hushed is the roll of the Rebel drum,
The sabres are sheathed, and the cannon are dumb ;
And Fate, with his pitiless hand, has furled
The flag that once challenged the gaze of the world ;

But the fame of the Wilderness fight abides ;
And down into history grandly rides,
Calm and unmoved as in battle he sat,
The gray-bearded man in the black slouched hat.

[Southern.]





(Action of 19 June, 1864.)

IT was early Sunday morning, in the year of sixty-four,
The *Alabama* she steam'd out along the Frenchman's
shore.

Long time she cruised about,
Long time she held her sway,
But now beneath the Frenchman's shore she lies off
Cherbourg Bay.

Hoist up the flag, and long may it wave
Over the Union, the home of the brave.
Hoist up the flag, and long may it wave,
God bless America, the home of the brave!

The Yankee cruiser hove in view, the *Kearsarge* was her
name,

It ought to be engraved in full upon the scroll of fame ;
Her timbers made of Yankee oak,
And her crew of Yankee tars,

And o'er her mizzen peak she floats the glorious stripes
and stars.

Hoist up the flag, and long may it wave
Over the Union, the home of the brave.
Hoist up the flag, and long may it wave,
God bless America, the home of the brave !

A challenge unto Captain Semmes, bold Winslow he did
send !

“Bring on your *Alabama*, and to her we will attend,
For we think your boasting privateer
Is not so hard to whip ;

And we 'll show you that the *Kearsarge* is not a merchant
ship.”

Hoist up the flag, and long may it wave
Over the Union, the home of the brave.
Hoist up the flag, and long may it wave,
God bless America, the home of the brave !

It was early Sunday morning, in the year of sixty-four,
The *Alabama* she stood out and cannons loud did roar ;
The *Kearsarge* stood undaunted, and quickly she replied
And let a Yankee 'leven-inch shell go tearing through
her side.

Hoist up the flag, and long may it wave
Over the Union, the home of the brave.
Hoist up the flag, and long may it wave,
God bless America, the home of the brave !

The *Kearsarge* then she wore around and broadside on
did bear,

With shot and shell and right good-will, her timbers she
did tear ;

When they found that they were sinking, down came
the stars and bars,

For the rebel gunners could not stand the glorious stripes
and stars.

Hoist up the flag, and long may it wave

Over the Union, the home of the brave !

Hoist up the flag, and long may it wave,

God bless America, the home of the brave !

The *Alabama* she is gone, she 'll cruise the seas no more,
She met the fate she well deserved along the French-
man's shore ;

Then here is luck to the *Kearsarge* we know what she
can do,

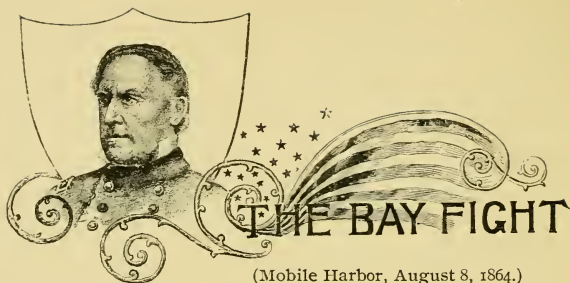
Likewise to Captain Winslow and his brave and gallant
crew.

Hoist up the flag, and long may it wave

Over the Union, the home of the brave !

Hoist up the flag, and long may it wave,

God bless America, the home of the brave !



BY HENRY HOWARD BROWNELL.

THREE days through sapphire seas we sailed,
The steady Trade blew strong and free,
The Northern Light his banners paled,
The Ocean Stream our channels wet,
We rounded low Canaveral's lee,
And passed the isles of emerald set
In blue Bahama's turquoise sea.

By reef and shoal obscurely mapped,
And hauntings of the gray sea-wolf,
The palmy Western Key lay lapped
In the warm washing of the Gulf.

But weary to the hearts of all
The burning glare, the barren reach
Of Santa Rosa's withered beach,
And Pensacola's ruined wall.

And weary was the long patrol,
 The thousand miles of shapeless strand,
 From Brazos to San Blas that roll
 Their drifting dunes of desert sand.

Yet coastwise as we cruised or lay,
 The land-breeze still at nightfall bore,
 By beach and fortress-guarded bay,
 Sweet odors from the enemy's shore,

Fresh from the forest solitudes,
 Unchallenged of his sentry lines,—
 The bursting of his cypress buds,
 And the warm fragrance of his pines.

Ah, never braver bark and crew,
 Nor bolder Flag a foe to dare,
 Had left a wake on ocean blue
 Since Lion-Heart sailed Trenc-le-mer !

But little gain by that dark ground
 Was ours, save, sometime, freer breath
 For friend or brother strangely found,
 'Scaped from the drear domain of death.

And little venture for the bold,
 Or laurel for our valiant Chief,
 Save some blockaded British thief,
 Full fraught with murder in his hold,

Caught unawares at ebb or flood,
Or dull bombardment, day by day,
With fort and earthwork, far away,
Low couched in sullen leagues of mud.

A weary time,—but to the strong
The day at last, as ever, came ;
And the volcano, laid so long,
Leaped forth in thunder and in flame !

“ *Man your starboard battery !* ”
Kimberly shouted ;—
The ship, with her hearts of oak,
Was going, 'mid roar and smoke,
On to victory ;
None of us doubted,
No, not our dying—
Farragut's Flag was flying !

Gaines growled low on our left,
Morgan roared on our right ;
Before us, gloomy and fell,
With breath like the fume of hell,
Lay the dragon of iron shell,
Driven at last to the fight !

Ha, old ship ! do they thrill,
The brave two hundred scars
You got in the River-Wars ?

That were leeched with clamorous skill,
(Surgery savage and hard,)
Splinted with bolt and beam,
Probed in scarfing and seam,
Rudely linted and tarred
With oakum and boiling pitch,
And sutured with splice and hitch,
At the Brooklyn Navy-Yard !

Our lofty spars were down,
To bide the battle's frown
(Wont of old renown)—
But every ship was drest
In her bravest and her best,
As if for a July day ;
Sixty flags and three,
As we floated up the bay—
At every peak and mast-head flew
The brave Red, White, and Blue,—
We were eighteen ships that day.

With hawsers strong and taut,
The weaker lashed to port,
On we sailed two by two—
That if either a bolt should feel
Crash through caldron or wheel,
Fin of bronze, or sinew of steel,
Her mate might bear her through.

Forging boldly ahead,
The great Flag-Ship led,
Grandest of sights !
On her lofty mizzen flew
Our leader's dauntless Blue,
That had waved o'er twenty fights
So we went with the first of the tide,
Slowly, 'mid the roar
Of the rebel guns ashore
And the thunder of each full broadside.

Ah, how poor the prate
Of statute and state
We once held these fellows !
Here on the flood's pale-green,
Hark how he bellows,
Each bluff old Sea-Lawyer !
Talk to them, Dahlgren,
Parrott, and Sawyer !

On, in the whirling shade
Of the cannon's sulphury breath,
We drew to the Line of Death
That our devilish Foe had laid,—
Meshed in a horrible net,
And baited villainous well,
Right in our path were set
Three hundred traps of hell !

And there, O sight forlorn !
There, while the cannon
Hurtled and thundered,—
(Ah, what ill raven
Flapped o'er the ship that morn !)—
Caught by the under-death,
In the drawing of a breath
Down went dauntless Craven,
He and his hundred !

A moment we saw her turret,
A little heel she gave,
And a thin white spray went o'er her,
Like the crest of a breaking wave ;—
In that great iron coffin,
The channel for their grave,
The fort their monument,
(Seen afar in the offing),
Ten fathom deep lie Craven
And the bravest of our brave.

Then in that deadly track
A little the ships held back,
Closing up in their stations ;—
There are minutes that fix the fate
Of battles and of nations,
(Christening the generations,)
When valor were all too late,
If a moment's doubt be harbored ;—

From the main-top, bold and brief,
Came the word of our grand old chief :
“*Go on !*”—’t was all he said,—
Our helm was put to starboard,
And the *Hartford* passed ahead.

Ahead lay the *Tennessee*,
On our starboard bow he lay,
With his mail-clad consorts three
(The rest had run up the bay) ;
There he was, belching flame from his bow,
And the steam from his throat’s abyss
Was a Dragon’s maddened hiss ;
In sooth a most cursed craft !—
In a sullen ring, at bay,
By the Middle-Ground they lay,
Raking us fore and aft.

Trust me, our berth was hot,
Ah, wickedly well they shot—
How their death-bolts howled and stung !
And the water-batteries played
With their deadly cannonade
Till the air around us rung ;
So the battle raged and roared ;—
Ah, had you been aboard
To have seen the fight we made !

How they leapt, the tongues of flame,
From the cannon's fiery lip !
How the broadsides, deck and frame,
Shook the great ship !

And how the enemy's shell
Came crashing, heavy and oft,
Clouds of splinters flying aloft
And falling in oaken showers ;—
But ah, the pluck of the crew !
Had you stood on that deck of ours,
You had seen what men may do.

Still, as the fray grew louder,
Boldly they worked and well—
Steadily came the powder,
Steadily came the shell.
And if tackle or truck found hurt,
Quickly they cleared the wreck—
And the dead were laid to port,
All a-row, on our deck.

Never a nerve that failed,
Never a cheek that paled,
Not a tinge of gloom or pallor ;—
There was bold Kentucky's grit,
And the old Virginian valor,
And the daring Yankee wit.

There were blue eyes from turfy Shannon,
There were black orbs from palmy Niger,—
But there alongside the cannon,
Each man fought like a tiger !

A little, once, it looked ill,
Our consort began to burn—
They quenched the flames with a will,
But our men were falling still,
And still the fleet were astern.

Right abreast of the Fort
In an awful shroud they lay,
Broadsides thundering away,
And lightning from every port ;
Scene of glory and dread !
A storm-cloud all aglow
With flashes of fiery red,
The thunder raging below,
And the forest of flags o'erhead !

So grand the hurly and roar,
So fiercely their broadsides blazed,
The regiments fighting ashore
Forgot to fire as they gazed.

There, to silence the foe,
Moving grimly and slow,

They loomed in that deadly wreath,
Where the darkest batteries frowned,—
Death in the air all round,
And the black torpedoes beneath !

And now, as we looked ahead,
All for'ard, the long white deck
Was growing a strange dull red,—
But soon, as once and again
Fore and aft we sped,
(The firing to guide or check,)
You could hardly choose but tread
On the ghastly human wreck,
(Dreadful gobbet and shred
That a minute ago were men !)
Red, from mainmast to bitts !
Red, on bulwark and wale,
Red, by combing and hatch,
Red, o'er netting and vail !

And ever, with steady con,
The ship forged slowly by,—
And ever the crew fought on,
And their cheers rang loud and high.

Grand was the sight to see
How by their guns they stood,
Right in front of our dead,

Fighting square abreast—
Each brawny arm and chest
All spotted with black and red,
Chrism of fire and blood !

Worth our watch, dull and sterile,
Worth all the weary time,
Worth the woe and the peril,
To stand in that strait sublime !

Fear? A forgotten form !
Death? A dream of the eyes !
We were atoms in God's great storm
That roared through the angry skies.

One only doubt was ours,
One only dread we knew,—
Could the day that dawned so well
Go down for the Darker Powers?
Would the fleet get through?
And ever the shot and shell
Came with the howl of hell,
The splinter-clouds rose and fell,
And the long line of corpses grew,—
Would the fleet win through?

They are men that never will fail,
(How aforetime they 've fought !)
But Murder may yet prevail,—
They may sink as Craven sank.

Therewith one hard fierce thought,
Burning on heart and lip,
Ran like fire through the ship ;
Fight her, to the last plank !

A dimmer renown might strike
If Death lay square alongside,—
But the old Flag has no like,
She must fight, whatever betide ;—
When the War is a tale of old,
And this day's story is told,
They shall hear how the *Hartford* died !

But as we ranged ahead,
And the leading ships worked in,
Losing their hope to win,
The enemy turned and fled—
And one seeks a shallow reach !
And another, winged in her flight,
Our mate, brave Jouett, brings in ;—
And one, all torn in the fight,
Runs for a wreck on the beach,
Where her flames soon fire the night.

And the Ram, when well up the Bay,
And we looked that our stems should meet,
(He had us fair for a prey,)
Shifting his helm midway,
Sheered off, and ran for the fleet ;

There, without skulking or sham,
He fought them gun for gun ;
And ever he sought to ram,
But could finish never a one.

From the first of the iron shower
Till we sent our parting shell,
'T was just one savage hour
Of the roar and the rage of hell.

With the lessening smoke and thunder,
Our glasses around we aim,—
What is that burning yonder?
Our *Philippi*—aground and in flame !

Below, 't was still all a-roar,
As the ships went by the shore,
But the fire of the Fort had slacked,
(So fierce their volleys had been,)—
And now with a mighty din,
The whole fleet came grandly in,
Though sorely battered and wracked.

So, up the Bay we ran,
The Flag to port and ahead,—
And a pitying rain began
To wash the lips of our dead.

A league from the Fort we lay,
And deemed that the end must lag,—
When lo ! looking down the Bay,
There flaunted the Rebel Rag :—
The Ram is again under way
And heading dead for the Flag !

Steering up with the stream,
Boldly his course he lay,
Though the fleet all answered his fire,
And, as he still drew nigher,
Ever on bow and beam
Our Monitors pounded away ;
How the *Chickasaw* hammered away !

Quickly breasting the wave,
Eager the prize to win,
First of us all the brave
Monongahela went in
Under full head of steam ;—
Twice she struck him abeam,
Till her stem was a sorry work,
(She might have run on a crag !)
The *Lackawanna* hit fair,
He flung her aside like cork,
And still he held for the Flag.

High in the mizzen shroud,
(Lest the smoke his sight o'erwhelm,)

Our Admiral's voice rang loud ;
" Hard-a-starboard your helm !
Starboard, and run him down !"
Starboard it was,—and so,
Like a black squall's lifting frown,
Our mighty bow bore down
On the iron beak of the Foe.

We stood on the deck together,
Men that had looked on death
In battle and stormy weather ;
Yet a little we held our breath,
When, with the hush of death,
The great ships drew together.

Our Captain strode to the bow,
Drayton, courtly and wise,
Kindly cynic, and wise,
(You hardly had known him now,
The flame of fight in his eyes !)—
His brave heart eager to feel
How the oak would tell on the steel !

But, as the space grew short,
A little he seemed to shun us ;
Out peered a form grim and lanky,
And a voice yelled, "*Hard-a-port !*
Hard-a-port !—here's the damned Yankee
Coming right down on us !"

He sheered, but the ships ran foul
With a gnarring shudder and growl :
He gave us a deadly gun ;
But as he passed in his pride,
(Rasping right alongside !)
The old Flag, in thunder-tones
Poured in her port broadside,
Rattling his iron hide
And cracking his timber-bones !

Just then, at speed on the Foe,
With her bow all weathered and brown,
The great *Lackawanna* came down
Full tilt, for another blow ;—
We were forging ahead,
She reversed—but, for all our pains,
Rammed the old *Hartford*, instead,
Just for'ard the mizzen chains !

Ah ! how the masts did buckle and bend,
And the stout hull ring and reel,
As she took us right on end !
(Vain were engine and wheel,
She was under full steam,)—
With the roar of a thunder-stroke
Her two thousand tons of oak
Brought up on us, right abeam !

A wreck, as it looked, we lay,—
(Rib and plank shear gave way
To the stroke of that giant wedge!)
Here, after all, we go—
The old ship is gone!—ah, no,
But cut to the water's edge.

Never mind then,—at him again!
His flurry now can't last long;
He 'll never again see land,—
Try that on *him*, Marchand!
On him again, brave Strong!

Heading square at the hulk,
Full on his beam we bore;
But the spine of the huge Sea-Hog
Lay on the tide like a log,
He vomited flame no more.

By this, he had found it hot;—
Half the fleet, in an angry ring,
Closed round the hideous thing,
Hammering with solid shot,
And bearing down, bow on bow;
He has but a minute to choose,—
Life or renown?—which now
Will the Rebel Admiral lose?

Cruel, haughty, and cold,
He ever was strong and bold ;
Shall he shrink from a wooden stem ?
He will think of that brave band
He sank in the *Cumberland* ;
Ay, he will sink like them.

Nothing left but to fight
Boldly his last sea-fight !
Can he strike ? By Heaven, 't is true !
Down comes the traitor Blue,
And up goes the captive White !

Up went the White ! Ah, then
The hurrahs that once and again
Rang from three thousand men
All flushed and savage with fight !
Our dead lay cold and stark ;
But our dying, down in the dark,
Answered as best they might,
Lifting their poor lost arms,
And cheering for God and Right !

Ended the mighty noise,
Thunder of forts and ships.
Down we went to the hold,
Oh, our dear dying boys !

How we pressed their poor brave lips
(Ah, so pallid and cold !)
And held their hands to the last,
(Those who had hands to hold).

Still thee, O woman heart !
(So strong an hour ago ;)
If the idle tears must start,
'T is not in vain they flow.

They died, our children dear.
On the drear berth-deck they died,—
Do not think of them here—
Even now their footsteps near
The immortal, tender sphere—
(Land of love and cheer !
Home of the Crucified !).

And the glorious deed survives ;
Our threescore, quiet and cold,
Lie thus, for a myriad lives
And treasure-millions untold,—
(Labor of poor men's lives,
Hunger of weans and wives,
Such is war-wasted gold).

Our ship and her fame to-day
Shall float on the storied Stream
When mast and shroud have crumbled away,
And her long white deck is a dream.

One daring leap in the dark,
Three mortal hours, at the most,—
And hell lies stiff and stark
On a hundred leagues of coast.

For the mighty Gulf is ours,—
The bay is lost and won,
An Empire is lost and won !
Land, if thou yet hast flowers,
Twine them in one more wreath
Of tenderest white and red,
(Twin buds of glory and death !)
For the brows of our brave dead,
For thy Navy's noblest son.

Joy, O Land, for thy sons,
Victors by flood and field !
The traitor walls and guns
Have nothing left but to yield ;
(Even now they surrender !)

And the ships shall sail once more,
And the cloud of war sweep on
To break on the cruel shore ;—
But Craven is gone,
He and his hundred are gone.

The flags flutter up and down
At sunrise and twilight dim,

The cannons menace and frown,—
But never again for him,
Him and the hundred.

The Dahlgrens are dumb,
Dumb are the mortars ;
Never more shall the drum
Beat to colors and quarters,—
The great guns are silent.

O brave heart and loyal !
Let all your colors dip ;—
Mourn him proud ship !
From main deck to royal.
God rest our Captain,
Rest our lost hundred !

Droop, flag and pennant !
What is your pride for ?
Heaven, that he died for,
Rest our Lieutenant,
Rest our brave threescore !

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O Mother Land ! this weary life
We led, we lead, is 'long of thee ;
Thine the strong agony of strife,
And thine the lonely sea.

Thine the long decks all slaughter-sprent,
The weary rows of cots that lie
With wrecks of strong men, marred and rent,
'Neath Pensacola's sky.

And thine the iron caves and dens
Wherein the flame our war-fleet drives ;
The fiery vaults, whose breath is men's
Most dear and precious lives !

Ah, ever when with storm sublime
Dread Nature clears our murky air,
Thus in the crash of falling crime
Some lesser guilt must share.

Full red the furnace fires must glow
That melt the ore of mortal kind ;
The mills of God are grinding slow,
But ah, how close they grind !

To-day the Dahlgren and the drum
Are dread Apostles of His Name ;
His kingdom here can only come
By chrism of blood and flame.

Be strong : already slants the gold
Athwart these wild and stormy skies ;
From out this blackened waste, behold
What happy homes shall rise !

But see thou well no traitor gloze,
No striking hands with Death and Shame,
Betray the sacred blood that flows
So freely for thy name.

And never fear a victor foe —
Thy children's hearts are strong and high ;
Nor mourn too fondly ; well they know
On deck or field to die.

Nor shalt thou want one willing breath,
Though, ever smiling round the brave,
The blue sea bear us on to death,
The green were one wide grave.





THE LOYAL FISHER.

THE wife in the cot is lonely
Since the fisher went away,
And the sun-burnt child it hath not smil'd
This many and many a day.
And the schools of mack'rel come unscared
To the shoals of the inner bay.

For the fisherman said one spring-time :
“ Dear wife, I have set my sail
These twenty years to the northern meres,
The icebergs, the mist and gale,
And my country hath paid the shot, good wife,
However I chanced to fail.

‘ Yes, paid for my sailor’s knowledge,
And the skill of my ready hand ;
And the blue on my arm, as a sacred charm,
Is the flag that guards the land.
The time has come to pay that debt,
Tho’ my life it should demand.

So bravely the loyal fisher
Sailed for the southern sea,
Never a hook nor a bait he took
For the deadly fishery ;
But the staunchest man at the straining rope
In the northerner was he.

On the bloody deck of the *Hartford*
At last the fisher lay,
The azure charm pricked on his arm
Was striped with red that day ;
And his debt of twenty years was paid
With a life in Mobile Bay.





SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA.

BY SAMUEL H. M. BYERS.

[General Sherman, in a recent conversation with the editor of this collection, declared that it was this poem with its phrase, "march to the sea," that threw a glamour of romance over the campaign which it celebrates. Said General Sherman: "The thing was nothing more or less than a change of base, an operation perfectly familiar to every military man, but a poet got hold of it, gave it the captivating label, 'The March to the Sea,' and the unmilitary public made a romance out of it." It may be remarked that the General's modesty overlooks the important fact that the romance lay really in his own deed of derring-do; the poet merely recorded it, or at most interpreted it to the popular intelligence. The glory of the great campaign was Sherman's and his army's; the joy of celebrating it was the poet's; the admiring memory of it is the people's.—EDITOR.]



SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA.

OUR camp-fires shone bright on the mountain
That frowned on the river below,
As we stood by our guns in the morning,
And eagerly watched for the foe ;
When a rider came out of the darkness
That hung over mountain and tree,
And shouted : " Boys, up and be ready !
For Sherman will march to the sea."

Then cheer upon cheer for bold Sherman
Went up from each valley and glen,
And the bugles re-echoed the music
That came from the lips of the men ;
For we knew that the stars in our banner
More bright in their splendor would be,
And that blessings from Northland would greet us
When Sherman marched down to the sea.

Then forward, boys ! forward to battle !
We marched on our wearisome way,
We stormed the wild hills of Resaca,
God bless those who fell on that day !

Then Kenesaw, dark in its glory,
 Frowned down on the flag of the free,
 But the East and the West bore our standard
 And Sherman marched on to the sea.

Still onward we pressed till our banners
 Swept out from Atlanta's grim walls,
 And the blood of the patriot dampened
 The soil where the traitor flag falls.
 We paused not to weep for the fallen,
 Who slept by each river and tree.
 Yet we twined them a wreath of the laurel
 As Sherman marched down to the sea.

Oh, proud was our army that morning,
 That stood where the pine darkly towers,
 When Sherman said : " Boys, you are weary,
 But to-day fair Savannah is ours ! "
 Then sang we the song of our chieftain,
 That echoed o'er river and lea,
 And the stars in our banner shone brighter
 When Sherman marched down to the sea.





SHERMAN'S MARCH

BY A SOLDIER.

THEIR lips are still as the lips of the dead,
The gaze of their eyes is straight ahead ;
The tramp, tramp, tramp of ten thousand feet
Keep time to that muffled, monotonous beat,—
Rub a dub dub ! rub a dub dub !

Ten thousand more ! and still they come
To fight a battle for Christendom !
With cannon and caissons, and flags unfurled,
The foremost men in all the world !
Rub a dub dub ! rub a dub dub !

The foe is entrenched on the frowning hill,—
A natural fortress, strengthened by skill ;
But vain are the walls to those who face
The champions of the human race !
Rub a dub dub ; rub a dub dub !

“ By regiment ! Forward into line ! ”
 Then sabres and guns and bayonets shine.
 Oh ye, who feel your fate at last,
 Repeat the old prayer as your hearts beat fast !
 Rub a dub dub ! rub a dub dub !

Oh, ye who waited and prayed so long
 That Right might have a fair fight with Wrong,
 No more in fruitless marches shall plod,
 But smite the foe with the wrath of God !
 Rub a dub dub ! rub a dub dub !

O Death ! what a charge that carried the hill !
 That carried, and kept, and holds it still !
 The foe is broken and flying with fear,
 While far on their route our drummers I hear,—
 Rub a dub dub ! rub a dub dub !





THE YEAR OF JUBILEE.

[A body of negro troops entered Richmond singing this song when the Union forces took possession of the Confederate capital. It is an interesting fact, illustrative of the elasticity of spirit shown by the losers in the great contest, that the song, which might have been supposed to be peculiarly offensive to their wounded pride and completely out of harmony with their deep depression and chagrin, became at once a favorite among them, and was sung, with applause, by young men and maidens in wellnigh every house in Virginia.—EDITOR.]

SAY, darkeys, hab you seen de massa,
Wid de muffstash on he face,
Go long de road some time dis mornin',
Like he gwine leabe de place?
He see de smoke way up de ribber
Whar de Lincum gunboats lay;

He took he hat an' leff berry sudden,
And I spose he 's runned away.
De massa run, ha, ha !
De darkey stay, ho, ho !
It mus' be now de kingdum comin',
An' de yar ob jubilo.

He six foot one way an' two foot toddler,
An' he weigh six hundred poun' ;
His coat so big he could n't pay de tailor,
An' it won't reach half way roun' ;
He drill so much dey calls him cap'n,
An he git so mighty tanned,
I spec he 'll try to fool dem Yankees,
For to tink he contraband.
De massa run, ha, ha !
De darkey stay, ho, ho !
It mus' be now de kingdum comin',
An' de yar ob jubilo.

De darkeys got so lonesome libb'n
In de log hut on de lawn,
Dey moved dere tings into massa's parlor
For to keep it while he gone.
Dar 's wine an' cider in de kitchin,
An' de darkeys dey hab some,
I spec it will be all fiscated,
When de Lincum sojers come,

De massa run, ha, ha !
De darkey stay, ho, ho !
It mus' be now de kingdom comin',
An' de yar ob jubilo.

De oberseer he makes us trubble,
An' he dribe us roun' a spell,
We lock him up in de smoke-house cellar,
Wid de key flung in de well.
De whip am lost, de han'-cuff broke,
But de massy hab his pay ;
He big an' ole enough for to know better
Dan to went an' run away.
De massa run, ha, ha !
De darkey stay, ho, ho !
It mus' be now de kingdom comin',
An' de yar ob jubilo.



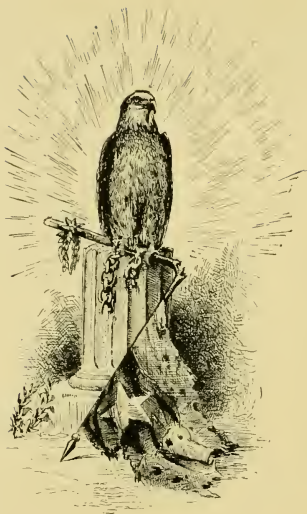


THE CONQUERED BANNER.

BY ABRAM J. RYAN.

[This poem appeared very soon after the surrender of the Confederate armies, and was probably the first, as it is the finest, poetical expression of reverent regret for the Lost Cause, without any touch of bitterness in its loss. The author was a Catholic priest, who wrote a number of poems of merit, though none that appealed so strongly as this one does to the generous sympathy of the victor with the sorrow of the vanquished. The author was born in Norfolk, Va., August 15, 1839, and died in Louisville, Ky., April 22, 1886.—EDITOR.]





THE CONQUERED BANNER.

FURL that Banner, for 't is weary,
Round its staff 't is drooping dreary :
Furl it, fold it,—it is best ;
For there 's not a man to wave it,
And there 's not a sword to save it,
And there 's not one left to lave it
In the blood which heroes gave it,

And its foes now scorn and brave it :
Furl it, hide it,—let it rest !

Take the Banner down ! 't is tattered ;
Broken is its staff and shattered,
And the valiant hosts are scattered
Over whom it floated high.
Oh, 't is hard for us to fold it,
Hard to think there 's none to hold it,
Hard that those who once unrolled it
Now must furl it with a sigh !

Furl that Banner—furl it sadly ;
Once ten thousands hailed it gladly,
And ten thousands wildly, madly
Swore it should forever wave—
Swore that foemen's sword could never
Hearts like theirs entwined dis sever,
And that flag should float forever
O'er their freedom, or their grave !

Furl it !—for the hands that grasped it,
And the hearts that fondly clasped it,
Cold and dead are lying low ;
And the Banner—it is trailing,
While around it sounds the wailing,
Of its people in their woe ;

For though conquered, they adore it—
Love the cold dead hands that bore it,
Weep for those who fell before it,
Pardon those who trailed and tore it ;
And, oh, wildly they deplore it,
Now to furl and fold it so !

Furl that Banner ! True, 't is gory,
Yet 't is wreathed around with glory,
And 't will live in song and story
Though its folds are in the dust !
For its fame on brightest pages,
Penned by poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding down the ages—
Furl its folds though now we must !

Furl that Banner, softly, slowly ;
Treat it gently—it is holy,
For it droops above the dead ;
Touch it not—unfold it never ;
Let it droop there, furled forever,—
For its people's hopes are fled.

[Southern.]



SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

BY MARIA LA CONTE.

I NTO a ward of the whitewashed halls
Where the dead and the dying lay,
Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls,
Somebody's darling was borne one day—
Somebody's darling, so young and brave ;
Wearing yet on his sweet pale face—
Soon to be hid in the dust of the grave—
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold
Kissing the snow of that fair young brow,
Pale are the lips of delicate mould—
Somebody's darling is dying now.
Back from his beautiful blue-veined brow
Brush his wandering waves of gold ;
Cross his hands on his bosom now—
Somebody's darling is still and cold.

Kiss him once for somebody's sake,
Murmur a prayer soft and low ;
One bright curl from its fair mates take—
They were somebody's pride, you know.
Somebody's hand hath rested here—
Was it a mother's, soft and white ?
Or have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptized in their waves of light ?

God knows best. He has somebody's love,
Somebody's heart enshrined him there,
Somebody wafts his name above,
Night and morn, on the wings of prayer.
Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave, and grand ;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay,
Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's watching and waiting for him,
Yearning to hold him again to her heart ;
And there he lies with his blue eyes dim,
And the smiling, childlike lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair young dead—
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear.
Carve on the wooden slab o'er his head :
" Somebody's darling slumbers here."

[Southern.]



LEFT ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

BY SARAH T. BOLTON.

WHAT, was it a dream? am I all alone
In the dreary night and the drizzling rain?
Hist!—ah, it was only the river's moan;
They have left me behind with the mangled slain.

Yes, now I remember it all too well!
We met, from the battling ranks apart;
Together our weapons flashed and fell,
And mine was sheathed in his quivering heart.

In the cypress gloom, where the deed was done,
It was all too dark to see his face;
But I heard his death groans, one by one,
And he holds me still in a cold embrace.

He spoke but once, and I could not hear
The words he said, for the cannon's roar;
But my heart grew cold with a deadly fear,—
O God! I had heard that voice before!

Had heard it before at our mother's knee,
When we lisped the words of our evening prayer !
My brother ! would I had died for thee,—
This burden is more than my soul can bear !

I pressed my lips to his death-cold cheek,
And begged him to show me by word or sign,
That he knew and forgave me ; he could not speak,
But he nestled his poor cold face to mine.

The blood flowed fast from my wounded side,
And then for a while I forgot my pain,
And over the lakelet we seemed to glide
In our little boat, two boys again.

And then, in my dream, we stood alone
On a forest path where the shadows fell ;
And I heard again the tremulous tone
And the tender words of his last farewell.

But that parting was years, long years ago,
He wandered away to a foreign land ;
And our dear old mother will never know
That he died to-night by his brother's hand.

* * * * *

The soldiers who buried the dead away
Disturbed not the clasp of that last embrace,
But laid them to sleep till the judgment day,
Heart folded to heart, and face to face.



DRIVING HOME THE COWS.

By KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.

OUT of the clover and blue-eyed grass,
He turned them into the river-lane ;
One after another he let them pass,
Then fastened the meadow bars again.

Under the willows, and over the hill,
He patiently followed their sober pace ;
The merry whistle for once was still,
And something shadowed the sunny face.

Driving Home the Cows

Only a boy ! and his father had said
He never could let his youngest go ;
Two already were lying dead
Under the feet of the trampling foe.

But after the evening work was done,
And the frogs were loud in the meadow swamp,
Over his shoulder he slung his gun,
And stealthily followed the foot-path damp.

Across the clover and through the wheat,
With resolute heart and purpose grim,
Though cold was the dew on his hurrying feet,
And the blind bat's flitting startled him.

Thrice since then had the lanes been white,
And the orchards sweet with apple-bloom ;
And now when the cows came back at night,
The feeble father drove them home.

For news had come to the lonely farm
That three were lying where two had lain ;
And the old man's tremulous, palsied arm
Could never lean on a son's again.

The summer day grew cold and late,
He went for the cows when the work was done ;
But down the lane, as he opened the gate,
He saw them coming, one by one,—

Brindle, Ebony, Speckle, and Bess,
Shaking their horns in the evening wind ;
Cropping the buttercups out of the grass,—
But who was it following close behind ?

Loosely swung in the idle air
The empty sleeve of army blue ;
And worn and pale from the crisping hair
Looked out a face that the father knew.

For Southern prisons will sometimes yawn,
And yield their dead unto life again ;
And the day that comes with a cloudy dawn
In golden glory at last may wane.

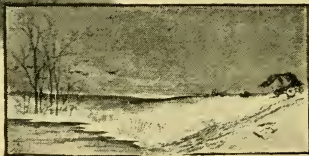
The great tears sprang to their meeting eyes ;
For the heart must speak when the lips are dumb ;
And under the silent evening skies,
Together they followed the cattle home.





AFTER ALL.

BY WILLIAM WINTER



THE apples are ripe in
the orchard,
The work of the reaper
is done,

And the golden woodlands redden
In the blood of the dying sun.

At the cottage door the grandsire
Sits pale in his easy-chair,
While the gentle wind of twilight
Plays with his silver hair.

A woman is kneeling beside him ;
A fair young head is pressed,
In the first wild passion of sorrow,
Against his aged breast.

And far from over the distance
The faltering echoes come

Of the flying blast of trumpet
And the rattling roll of the drum.

And the grandsire speaks in a whisper :
“ The end, no man can see ;
But we gave him to his country,
And we give our prayers to thee.”

The violets star the meadows,
The rosebuds fringe the door,
And over the grassy orchard
The pink-white blossoms pour.

But the grandsire's chair is empty,
The cottage is dark and still ;
There 's a nameless grave in the battle-field,
And a new one under the hill.

And a pallid, tearless woman
By the cold hearth sits alone,
And the old clock in the corner
Ticks on with a steady drone.



“HE ’LL SEE IT WHEN HE WAKES.”

BY FRANK LEE.

[In “Bugle Echoes” Mr. Francis F. Browne introduces this poem with the following note: “In one of the battles in Virginia, a gallant young Mississippian had fallen, and at night, just before burying him, there came a letter from his betrothed. One of the burial group took the letter and laid it upon the breast of the dead soldier, with the words: ‘Bury it with him. He ’ll see it when he wakes.’”—EDITOR.]

A MID the clouds of battle-smoke
The sun had died away,
And where the storm of battle broke
A thousand warriors lay.
A band of friends upon the field
Stood round a youthful form
Who, when the war-cloud’s thunder pealed,
Had perished in the storm.
Upon his forehead, on his hair,
The coming moonlight breaks,

And each dear brother standing there
A tender farewell takes.

But ere they laid him in his home
There came a comrade near,
And gave a token that had come
From her the dead held dear.
A moment's doubt upon them pressed,
Then one the letter takes,
And lays it low upon his breast—
“He 'll see it when he wakes.”
O thou who dost in sorrow wait,
Whose heart with anguish breaks,
Though thy dear message came too late,
“He 'll see it when he wakes.”

No more amid the fiery storm
Shall his strong arm be seen ;
No more his young and manly form
Tread Mississippi's green ;
And e'en thy tender words of love—
The words affection speaks—
Came all too late ; but oh ! thy love
“Will see them when he wakes.”
No jars disturb his gentle rest,
No noise his slumber breaks,
But thy words sleep upon his breast—
“He 'll see them when he wakes.”

[Southern.]



THE RÉVEILLE.

BY BRET HARTE.

HARK ! I hear the tramp of thousands,
And of arméd men the hum ;
Lo ! a nation's hosts have gathered
Round the quick-alarming drum—
Saying : " Come,
Freemen, come !
Ere your heritage be wasted," said the quick-alarming
drum.

" Let me of my heart take counsel :
War is not of life the sum ;
Who shall stay and reap the harvest
When the autumn days shall come ? "
But the drum
Echoed : " Come !
Death shall reap the braver harvest," said the solemn-
sounding drum.

“ But when won the coming battle,
What of profit springs therefrom?
What if conquest, subjugation,
Even greater ills become? ”

But the drum

Answered : “ Come !

You must do the sum to prove it,” said the Yankee-
answering drum.

“ What if, 'mid the cannon's thunder,
Whistling shot and bursting bomb,
When my brothers fall around me,
Should my heart grow cold and numb? ”

But the drum

Answered : “ Come !

Better there in death united than in life a recreant
—Come ! ”

Thus they answered—hoping, fearing,
Some in faith and doubting some,
Till a trumpet-voice proclaiming,
Said : “ My chosen people, come ! ”

Then the drum,

Lo ! was dumb ;

For the great heart of the nation, throbbing, an-
swered : “ Lord, we come ! ”



RÉVEILLE.

BY MICHAEL O'CONNOR.

[The author of this poem was a sergeant in the 140th regiment of New York volunteers, who died at the age of 25 years, at Potomac Station, Va., December 28, 1862. —EDITOR.]

THE morning is cheery, my boys, arouse !
The dew shines bright on the chestnut boughs,
And the sleepy mist on the river lies,
Though the east is flushing with crimson dyes.
Awake ! awake ! awake !
O'er field and wood and brake,
With glories newly born,
Comes on the blushing morn.
Awake ! awake !

You have dreamed of your homes and friends all
night ;
You have basked in your sweethearts' smiles so
bright ;

Come, part with them all for a while again,—
Be lovers in dreams ; when awake, be men,

Turn out ! turn out ! turn out !

You have dreamed full long, I know.

Turn out ! turn out ! turn out !

The east is all aglow.

Turn out ! turn out !

From every valley and hill they come
The clamoring voices of fife and drum ;
And out in the fresh, cool morning air
The soldiers are swarming everywhere.

Fall in ! fall in ! fall in !

Every man in his place

Fall in ! fall in ! fall in !

Each with a cheerful face.

Fall in ! fall in !





THE WHITE ROSE.

BY JOSEPH O'CONNOR.

IT is a withered rose,
That like a rose's corpse, full dry and wan,
Finds here its last repose,
Its lustre dulled, its form and softness crushed,
The tender life with which its petals flushed,
And all its soul of subtle fragrance gone ;
A primal rose that bloomed
Among the kindling brands, as white as frost,
Where Zillah stood undoomed,
Or from Mahomet's forehead fluttered fair
To earth, when Al Borak cleft through the air
In flight to heaven, might leave so frail a ghost.

The poet moralist
Has ever taken sombre joy to sing
Upon a theme so trist,
And write in dust of roses lessons grim—
That pleasures must be snatched ere they grow dim,
For germs of death in folds of beauty cling ;

That since the roses die,
No mortal loveliness may long endure ;
 No joy outlast a sigh ;
No passion's thrill, no labor's work remain
Beyond a season ; that Decay doth reign ;—
Though in the tyrant's very riot, sure,
 Some pledge of hope is found
That all the universe is not a grave
 And life sits somewhere crowned.
Not Tasso's soft persuasion unto sin
I find, dear rose, thy withered leaves within,
Nor any precept Epicurus gave ;
 To me thou dost not breathe
A thought of festivals, or memory
 Of woven, wine-dipped wreath,
Or kisses on ripe lips, or fond regret
For bounds by time to fleeting pleasures set,
Or wish to bring thy beauty back to thee.

To kiss thy leaves I bend,
And lo ! The crash of cannon fills mine ears ;
 I see the banners blend
Into the battle smoke ; and the long lines
Of marching men where glint of bayonet shines
Through clouds of dust ; the hopes, the hates, the
 Of old thrill through my heart ; [fears
Again the myriad ghosts of the great war
 From out their cerements start ;

Again the nation in the contest strains
Its every nerve ; again the deep refrains
Of groan and cheer break on us from afar !

What mystery of power
To fill the mind with visions such as these
Lies in this scentless flower ?
'T is three and twenty years this very June,
Since first it opened to the southern noon
And swung in languor to a southern breeze ;
And on the stalwart breast
Of one that wore the blue, while yet in bloom,
'T was set in gallant jest ;
In the long march's dust it drooped its head
And in the smoke of Gettysburg lay dead,
With many a life more precious finding doom.

Beside a farmer's home
In shade and shine this rose of battle grew,
What time the rolling drum
Announced the crisis of the war at hand,
As Meade pressed swiftly north through Maryland,
And ever closer to Lee's columns drew ;
On that grim, weary march
Rain seldom fell ; the June sun fiercely glowed,
And seemed all things to parch ;
The winds grew still, nor in their motion swung
The dust that round the lithe battalions clung
For miles, on many a winding country road.

The women stood in groups
And watched with tear-wet eyes and smiling lips
The marching of the troops ;
The smiles came at the sight of manhood stern
Moving to sacrifice with unconcern ;
The tears were for the battle's drear eclipse
That was so soon to fall
On many a home where then the sunshine slept—
The shadow of a pall ;
And though their hopes went with the stripes and stars,
Or lingered far away with stars and bars,
Yet they were women still—and smiled and wept !

And where this rosebud lush
Had blossomed into innocence and peace
Upon its modest bush,
A column halted for a rest at noon
And the tired soldiers, glad of such a boon,
Flung knapsacks off, stacked arms, and took their ease.

And there to one that quaffed
From the deep farmhouse well, with careless zest,
A luscious draught,
A fair girl said, scorn lurking round her mouth :
“ Dare these men meet the veterans of the South ? ”
Half earnestly she spoke, and half in jest.

The soldier's serious eyes
An instant flashed, and then grew soft again,
While yet the quick surprise

Was flushing his bronzed cheek ; but he was born
To reverence womanhood, and not to scorn ;
And so disdained to wound her with disdain.

He spoke with quiet grace
In even tones, a smile both quaint and grave
Upon his firm, strong face :
“To wear in the next battle give to me
A rose,” he said, “ and then the rose will see ! ”
In sobered mood she plucked this flower and gave.

It seems another age
When things like these were done ; the rose's bloom
He took as battle gage,
And with his laughing comrades went his way,
Well knowing that the columns wide astray
Were fast converging for the day of doom !

O streams of rippling steel
That northward flowed with current ever true !
In thought we watched you wheel
Among the hills, a winding to and fro,
The weapons sparkling o'er the men below
Like glancing foam above the waves of blue !
We knew your end and source,
And that your torrents, crowned with portents dire,
Would keep their onward course
Till in the battle's plunge, with thunder's roar,
And scorching flames, your cleansing tides should pour
Abroad, and save the nation as by fire !

The first day of July,
Just north of Gettysburg, the fight began
Whose memory will not die.
There lay along the outskirts of a wood
A regiment busy in the work of blood ;
And he that wore the rose watched every man,
Alert, unvexed, intense,
And kept the firing cool, and fierce, and fast ;
In front in column dense
Stern Southern valor stormed, and would not flinch,
Nor be denied, yet could not win an inch—
Till far outflanked our lines gave way at last.

Behind the frightened town,
On Cemetery Hill the rout was stayed ;
And there the men lay down
And slept content among the graves that night ;
And there this pallid rose, in soft moonlight,
Upon its wearer's heaving bosom swayed.
The gathering armies clashed,
And on the circling hills the second day,
Incessant cannon crashed ;
And shot and shell tore up each reverent mound,
And flung the tombstones' shattered fragments round—
Poor rose, that heard the din of such a fray !

On the third day, behold !
It saw the climax of the battle come ;
When calm, and stern, and bold

The great Virginians charged and could not win,
Though manhood's flower, as they have ever been
In field, and hall, and by the hearth of home.

How proud their column moved,
Up the long slope of death with stubborn tread,
Obeying him they loved !

And still against the storm of fire that scourged
Supporting squadrons backward as it surged,
How fierce they held their way unwearied !

Mayhap with other foes
They might have won ; but ever slow to yield
And ever prompt to close
Were Hancock's men ; and the Virginian shaft
That pierced our lines was shattered, head and haft,
Within the wound !—And Lee had lost the field.

Amid the eddied smoke,
The groans of dying men, and the glad cheer
Of victory that broke

From hill to hill, this thing of beauty died ;
And he that wore and had forgot it, sighed
And thought of it again as something dear ;

So from his breast he took
The rose and sent it home to have it set
Within this simple book,
The favorite of a girl he loved and lost,
And 'mid the leaves it lingers like a ghost—
Though they be gone, the flower abideth yet !

And often when I gaze
Into its folds and see these visions fair,
 Mine eyes are filled with haze
Of tears for him that wore it, true and brave ;
Almost I turn to fling it on his grave
Beside the little flag that flutters there !—
 Then sigh for power to close
Within the amber clear of poetry
 This pale and withered rose
That else must pass and crumble into dust
And squander in some wild and windy gust
The essence I would set in melody—
 The feelings of the time
When first it bloomed ; the deeds of sacrifice,
 The thoughts and acts sublime,
The scenes of battle with their woe and scaith,
The courtesy and courage, love and faith—
That I can read within it with mine eyes !





THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

BY FRANCIS MILES FINCH.

[Suggested by the fact that the women of Columbus, Miss., on their decoration day strewed flowers, with impartial hands, upon the graves of northern and southern soldiers.—EDITOR].

BY the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of the iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead ;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day ;
Under the one, the Blue ;
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat :
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet ;

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day ;
Under the laurel, the Blue ;
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours,
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers,
Alike for the friends and the foe ;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day ;
Under the roses, the Blue ;
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So, with an equal splendor,
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day ;
Brodered with gold, the Blue,
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth,
The cooling drip of the rain ;

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day ;
Wet with the rain, the Blue ;
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done ;
In the storm of the years that are fading,
No braver battle was won ;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day,
Under the blossoms, the Blue ;
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red ;
They banish our anger forever,
When they laurel the graves of our dead.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day ;
Love and tears for the Blue ;
Tears and love for the Gray.





READY.

By PHOEBE CARY.

LOADED with gallant soldiers,
A boat shot in to the land,
And lay at the right of Rodman's Point,
With her keel upon the sand.

Lightly, gayly, they came to shore,
And never a man afraid ;
When sudden the enemy opened fire
From his deadly ambuscade.

Each man fell flat on the bottom
Of the boat ; and the captain said :
" If we lie here, we all are captured '
And the first who moves is dead ! "

Then out spoke a negro sailor,
No slavish soul had he :
" Somebody 's got to die, boys,
And it might as well be me ! "

Firmly he rose, and fearlessly
Stepped out into the tide ;
He pushed the vessel safely off,
Then fell across her side :

Fell, pierced by a dozen bullets,
As the boat swung clear and free ;
But there was n't a man of them there that day
Who was fitter to die than he !





A GEORGIA VOLUNTEER.

BY MARY ASHLEY TOWNSEND.

FAR up the lonely mountain-side
My wandering footsteps led ;
The moss lay thick beneath my feet,
The pine sighed overhead.
The trace of a dismantled fort
Lay in the forest nave,
And in the shadow near my path
I saw a soldier's grave.

The bramble wrestled with the weed
Upon the lowly mound,
The simple head-board, rudely writ,
Had rotted to the ground ;
I raised it with a reverent hand,
From dust its words to clear ;
But time had blotted all but these :
" A Georgia Volunteer."

I saw the toad and scaly snake
From tangled covert start,
And hide themselves among the weeds
Above the dead man's heart ;
But undisturbed, in sleep profound,
Unheeding, there he lay ;
His coffin but the mountain soil,
His shroud, Confederate gray.

I heard the Shenandoah roll
Along the vale below,
I saw the Alleghanies rise
Toward the realms of snow.
The " Valley Campaign " rose to mind—
Its leader's name—and then
I knew the sleeper had been one
Of Stonewall Jackson's men.

Yet whence he came, what lip shall say—
Whose tongue will ever tell
What desolated hearths and hearts
Have been because he fell ?
What sad-eyed maiden braids her hair—
Her hair which he held dear ?
One lock of which, perchance lies with
The Georgia Volunteer !

What mother, with long-watching eyes
And white lips cold and dumb,
Waits with appalling patience for
Her darling boy to come ?
Her boy ! whose mountain grave swells up
But one of many a scar
Cut on the face of our fair land
By gory-handed war.

What fights he fought, what wounds he wore,
Are all unknown to fame ;
Remember, on his lonely grave
There is not even a name !
That he fought well and bravely too,
And held his country dear,
We know, else he had never been
A Georgia Volunteer.

He sleeps—what need to question now
If he were wrong or right ?
He knows, e'er this, whose cause was just
In God the Father's sight.
He wields no warlike weapons now,
Returns no foeman's thrust ;
Who but a coward would revile
An honest soldier's dust ?

Roll, Shenandoah, proudly roll
Adown thy rocky glen ;
Above thee lies the grave of one
Of Stonewall Jackson's men.
Beneath the cedar and the pine,
In solitude austere,
Unknown, unnamed, forgotten, lies
A Georgia Volunteer.

[Southern.]





“HOW ARE YOU, SANITARY?”

BY BRET HARTE.

[There is nothing in the history of the Civil War worthier of celebration in verse, or more to be honored in the remembrance, than the organization and work of the United States Sanitary Commission. When the conditions created by the stress of the war became apparent, the compassion of kindly men and women in the North was deeply stirred by the thought that there was suffering among the soldiers which the government could not relieve, and that there were wants which could not be supplied by military agencies. The generous desire to minister to these wants and to relieve this suffering was quickly organized into action with that business-like sagacity which distinguishes the American character. The Sanitary Commission was formed as the agent and almoner of the popular generosity. It was supported entirely by voluntary contributions. It was as thoroughly organized as the army commissariat itself, and wher-

ever there was a comfort needed, or a wounded or sick man to be cared for, its supply wagons, its appliances, and its trained nurses were found. The affectionate gratitude of the troops toward the beneficent association is reflected in this poem.—EDITOR.]





“HOW ARE YOU, SANITARY?”

DOWN the picket-guarded lane
Rolled the comfort-laden wain,
Cheered by shouts that shook the plain,
Soldier-like and merry :
Phrases such as camps may teach,
Sabre-cuts of Saxon speech,
Such as “Bully !” “Them ’s the peach !”
“Wade in, Sanitary !”

Right and left the caissons drew
As the car went lumbering through,
Quick succeeding in review
Squadrons military ;
Sunburnt men with beards like frieze,
Smooth-faced boys, and cries like these :
“U. S. San. Com.” “That’s the cheese !”
“Pass in, Sanitary !”

In such cheer it struggled on
Till the battle front was won ;
Then the car, its journey done,
 Lo ! was stationary ;
And where bullets whistling fly
Came the sadder, fainter cry :
“ Help us, brothers, ere we die !—
 Save us, Sanitary ! ”

Such the work. The phantom flies,
Wrapped in battle-clouds that rise ;
But the brave—whose dying eyes,
 Veiled and visionary,
See the jasper gates swung wide,
See the parted throng outside—
Hears the voice to those who ride :
 “ Pass in, Sanitary ! ”





THE MEN.

BY MAURICE BELL.

IN the dusk of the forest shade
A sallow and dusty group reclined ;
Gallops a horseman up the glade—
“ Where will I your leader find ?
Tidings I bring from the morning’s scout—
I ’ve borne them o’er mound and moor
and fen.”

“ Well, sir, stay not hereabout,
Here are only a few of ‘ the men.’

“ Here no collar has bar or star,
No rich lacing adorns the sleeve ;
Further on our officers are,
Let them your report receive.
Higher up on the hill up there,
Overlooking this shady glen,
There are their quarters—don’t stop here,
We are only some of ‘ the men.’

“ Yet stay, courier, if you bear
Tidings that a fight is near ;
Tell them we 're ready, and that where
They wish us to be we 'll soon appear ;
Tell them only to let us know
Where to form our ranks and when ;
And we 'll teach the vaunting foe
That they 've met with some of ' the men.' ”

“ We 're *the men*, though our clothes are worn—
We 're *the men*, though we wear no lace—
We 're *the men*, who the foe have torn,
And scattered their ranks in dire disgrace—
We 're the men who have triumphed before—
We 're the men who will triumph again ;
For the dust and the smoke and the cannon's roar,
And the clashing bayonets—' we 're the men.' ”

“ Ye who sneer at the battle-scars,
Of garments faded and soiled and bare,
Yet who have for the ' stars and bars '—
Praise and homage and dainty fare ;
Mock the wearers and pass them on,
Refuse them kindly word—and then
Know if your freedom is ever won
By human agents—these are the men ! ”

[Southern.]



THE GUERILLAS.

By S. TEACKLE WALLIS.

A WAKE! and to horse my brothers,
For the dawn is glimmering gray,
And hark! in the crackling brushwood,
There are feet that tread this way.

“Who cometh?” “A friend.” “What tidings?”
“O God! I sicken to tell,
For the earth seems earth no longer,
And its sights are the sights of hell.

“There’s rapine and fire and slaughter,
From the mountain down to the shore,
There’s blood on the trampled harvest,
And blood on the homestead floor.

“From the far-off conquered cities,
Comes the voice of a stifled wail,
And the shrieks and moans of the homeless
Ring like the dirge of a gale.

“I have seen from the smoking village,
Our mothers and daughters fly,
I ’ve seen where the little children,
Sank down in the furrows to die.

“On the banks of the battle-stained river,
I stood as the moonlight shone,
And it glared on the face of my brother,
As the sad wave swept him on.

“Where my home was glad, are ashes,
And horror and shame had been there,
For I found on the fallen lintel,
This tress of my wife’s torn hair.

“They are turning the slave upon us,
And with more than the fiend’s worst art.
Have uncovered the fires of the savage,
That slept in his untaught heart.

“The ties to our hearts that bound him,
They have rent with curses away,
And madden him in their madness
To be almost as brutal as they.

“With halter and torch and Bible,
And hymns to the sound of the drum,
They preach the gospel of murder,
And pray for lust’s kingdom to come.

“To saddle ! my brothers ! to saddle !
Look up to the rising sun,
And ask of the God who shines there,
Whether deeds like these shall be done.

“Whither the vandal cometh,
Press home to his heart with your steel,
And where'er at his bosom ye cannot,
Like the serpent, go strike at his heel.

“Through thicket and wood go hunt him,
Creep up to his camp-fire side,
And let ten of his corpses blacken,
Where one of our brothers hath died.

“In his fainting footsore marches,
In his flight from the stricken fray,
In the snare of the lonely ambush,
The debts that we owe him, pay.

“In God's hands alone is vengeance,
But he strikes with the hands of men,
And his blight would wither our manhood,
If we smote not the smiter again.

“By the graves where our fathers slumber,
By the shrines where our mothers prayed,
By our homes and hopes of freedom,
Let every man swear by his blade.—

“That he will not sheathe nor stay it,
Till from point to hilt it glow,
With the flush of Almighty justice,
In the blood of the cruel foe.”

They swore ; and the answering sunlight
Leapt from their lifted swords,
And the hate in their hearts made echo,
To the wrath of their burning words.

[Southern.]





WHEN THIS CRUEL WAR IS OVER.

[There is nothing in this sentimental song that enables one to read the riddle of its remarkable popularity during the Civil War. It has no poetic merit ; its rhythm is commonplace, and the tune to which it was sung was of the flimsiest musical structure, without even a trick of melody to commend it. Yet the song was more frequently sung, on both sides, than any other, the Southern soldiers inserting "gray" for "blue" in the sixth line of the first stanza, with cheerful recklessness of the effect upon the rhyme. The thing was heard in every camp every day and many times every day. Men chanted it on the march, and women sang it to piano accompaniment in all houses. A song which so strongly appealed to two great armies and to an entire people is worthy of a place in all collections of war poetry, even though criticism is baffled in the attempt to discover the reason of its popularity.—EDITOR.]



WHEN THIS CRUEL WAR IS OVER.

D EAREST love, do you remember
When we last did meet,
How you told me that you loved me
Kneeling at my feet?
Oh, how proud you stood before me
In your suit of blue,
When you vowed to me and country
Ever to be true.

Chorus.—Weeping, sad and lonely,
Hopes and fears, how vain ;
Yet praying
When this cruel war is over,
Praying that we meet again.

When the summer breeze is sighing
Mournfully along,
Or when autumn leaves are falling,
Sadly breathes the song.
Oft in dreams I see thee lying
On the battle plain,

Lonely, wounded, even dying,
Calling, but in vain.

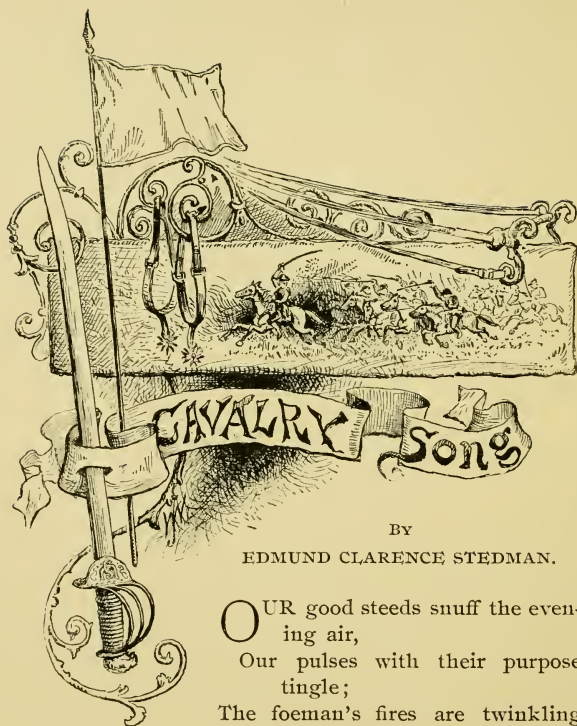
Chorus.—Weeping, sad, etc.

If, amid the din of battle,
Nobly you should fall,
Far away from those who love you,
None to hear you call,
Who would whisper words of comfort?
Who would soothe your pain?
Ah, the many cruel fancies
Ever in my brain !

Chorus.—Weeping, sad, etc.

But our country called you, darling,
Angels cheer your way !
While our nation's sons are fighting,
We can only pray.
Nobly strike for God and country,
Let all nations see
How we love the starry banner,
Emblem of the free.

Chorus.—Weeping, sad, etc.



BY
EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

OUR good steeds snuff the even-
ing air,
Our pulses with their purpose
tingle;
The foeman's fires are twinkling
there;
He leaps to hear our sabres jingle !
Halt !

Each carbine sends its whizzing ball ;
Now, cling ! clang ! forward all,
 Into the fight !

Dash on beneath the smoking dome ;
 Through level lightnings gallop nearer !
One look to heaven ! No thoughts of home :
 The guidons that we bear are dearer.
 Charge !
Cling ! clang ! forward all,
Heaven help those whose horses fall !
 Cut left and right !

They flee before our fierce attack !
 They fall ! they spread in broken surges !
Now, comrades, bear our wounded back,
 And leave the foeman to his dirges.
 Wheel !
The bugles sound the swift recall ;
Cling ! clang ! backward all !
 Home, and good-night !





CAVALRY SONG.

BY ROSSITER W. RAYMOND.

OUR bugles sound gayly. To horse and away !
And over the mountains breaks the day ;
Then ho ! brothers, ho ! for the ride or the fight,
There are deeds to be done ere we slumber to-night !
And whether we fight or whether we fall
By sabre-stroke or rifle-ball,
The hearts of the free will remember us yet,
And our country, our country will never forget !

Then mount and away ! let the coward delight
To be lazy all day and safe all night ;
Our joy is a charger, flecked with foam,
And the earth is our bed and the saddie our home ;
And whether we fight, etc.

See yonder the ranks of the traitorous foe,
And bright in the sunshine bayonets glow !
Breathe a prayer, but no sigh ; think for what you would
fight ;
Then charge ! with a will, boys, and God for the right !
And whether we fight, etc.

We have gathered again the red laurels of war ;
We have followed the traitors fast and far ;
But some who rose gayly this morn with the sun
Lie bleeding and pale on the field they have won !
But whether we fight, etc.





THE CAVALRY CHARGE.

BY BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR.

HARK ! the rattling roll of the musketeers,
And the ruffled drums, and the rallying cheers,
And the rifles burn with a keen desire
Like the crackling whips of a hemlock fire,
And the singing shot and the shrieking shell
And the splintered fire on the shattered hell,
And the great white breaths of the cannon smoke
As the growling guns by batteries spoke ;
And the ragged gaps in the walls of blue
Where the iron surge rolled heavily through,
That the Colonel builds with a breath again
As he cleaves the din with his "*Close up, men !*"
And the groan torn out from the blackened lips,
And the prayer doled slow with the crimsoned drips,
And the beaming look in the dying eye
As under the cloud the stars go by,
"*But his soul marched on !*" the Captain said,
For the Boy in Blue can never be dead !

And the troopers sit in their saddles all
Like statues carved in an ancient hall,
And they watch the whirl from their breathless ranks,
And their spurs are close to the horses' flanks,
And the fingers work of the sabre hand—
Oh, to bid them live, and to make them grand !
And the bugle sounds to the charge at last,
And away they plunge, and the front is passed !
And the jackets blue grow red as they ride,
And the scabbards too, that clank by their side,
And the dead soldiers deaden the strokes iron-shod
As they gallop right on o'er the plashy red sod—
Right into the cloud all spectral and dim,
Right up to the guns black-throated and grim,
Right down on the hedges bordered with steel,
Right through the dense columns—then “ *Right
about wheel !* ”

Hurrah ! a new swath through the harvest again !
Hurrah for the Flag ! To the battle, Amen !





THE CAVALRY CHARGE.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

WITH bray of the trumpet
And roll of the drum,
And keen ring of bugle,
The cavalry come.
Sharp clank the steel scabbards,
The bridle-chains ring,
And foam from red nostrils
The wild chargers fling.

Tramp ! tramp ! o'er the greensward
That quivers below,
Scarce held by the curb-bit
The fierce horses go !
And the grim-visaged colonel,
With ear-rending shout,
Peals forth to the squadrons
The order : "*Trot out !*"

One hand on the sabre,
And one on the rein,
The troopers move forward
In line on the plain.
As rings the word "*Gallop!*"
The steel scabbards clank,
And each rowel is pressed
To a horse's hot flank :
And swift is their rush
As the wild torrent's flow,
When it pours from the crag
On the valley below.

"*Charge!*" thunders the leader :
Like shaft from the bow
Each mad horse is hurled
On the wavering foe.
A thousand bright sabres
Are gleaming in air :
A thousand dark horses
Are dashed on the square.
Resistless and reckless
Of aught may betide,
Like demons, not mortals,
The wild troopers ride.
Cut right ! and cut left !—
For the parry who needs ?
The bayonets shiver
Like wind-scattered reeds.

The Cavalry Charge

Vain—vain the red volley
That bursts from the square,—
The random-shot bullets
Are wasted in air.
Triumphant, remorseless,
Unerring as death,—
No sabre that 's stainless
Returns to its sheath.

The wounds that are dealt
By that murderous steel
Will never yield case
For the surgeon to heal.
Hurrah ! they are broken—
Hurrah ! boys, they fly !
None linger save those
Who but linger to die.

Rein up your hot horses
And call in your men,—
The trumpet sounds "*Rally
To colors !*" again.
Some saddles are empty,
Some comrades are slain,
And some noble horses
Lie stark on the plain ;
But war 's a chance game, boys,
And weeping is vain.



ROLL-CALL.

BY N. G. SHEPHERD.

“CORPORAL Green!” the Orderly cried;
“Here!” was the answer, loud and clear,
From the lips of the soldier who stood near,—
And “Here!” was the word the next replied.

“Cyrus Drew!”—then a silence fell:
This time no answer followed the call;
Only his rear-man had seen him fall:
Killed or wounded—he could not tell.

There they stood in the failing light,
These men of battle, with grave, dark looks,
As plain to be read as open books,
While slowly gathered the shades of night.

The fern on the hill-sides was splashed with blood,
And down in the corn where the poppies grew
Were redder stains than the poppies knew;
And crimson-dyed was the river's flood.

For the foe had crossed from the other side
That day, in the face of a murderous fire
That swept them down in its terrible ire,
And their life-blood went to color the tide.

“Herbert Kline !” At the call there came
Two stalwart soldiers into the line,
Bearing between them this Herbert Kline,
Wounded and bleeding, to answer his name.

“Ezra Kerr !”—and a voice answered, “Here !”
“Hiram Kerr !”—but no man replied.
They were brothers, these two ; the sad winds sighed,
And a shudder crept through the cornfield near.

“Ephraim Deane !”—then a soldier spoke :
“Deane carried our regiment’s colors,” he said ;
“Where our ensign was shot I left him dead,
Just after the enemy wavered and broke.

“Close to the road-side his body lies ;
I paused a moment and gave him a drink ;
He murmured his mother’s name, I think,
And Death came with it, and closed his eyes.”

’T was a victory ; yes, but it cost us dear,—
For that company’s roll, when called at night,
Of a hundred men who went into the fight,
Numbered but twenty that answered “Here !”

[Southern.]



READING THE LIST.

“ IS there any news of the war ? ” she said.
“ Only a list of the wounded and dead,”
Was the man’s reply,
Without lifting his eye
To the face of the woman standing by.
“ ’T is the very thing I want,” she said ;
“ Read me a list of the wounded and dead.”
He read the list—’t was a sad array
Of the wounded and killed in the fatal fray.

In the very midst, was a pause to tell
Of a gallant youth who fought so well
That his comrades asked : “ Who is he, pray ? ”
“ The only son of the Widow Gray,”
Was the proud reply
Of his captain nigh—
What ails the woman standing near ?
Her face has the ashen hue of fear !

“ Well, well, read on ; is he wounded ? Quick !
O God ! but my heart is sorrow-sick !

Is he wounded ? ” “ No ; he fell, they say,
Killed outright on that fatal day ! ”
But see, the woman has swooned away !

Sadly she opened her eyes to the light ;
Slowly recalled the events of the fight ;
Faintly she murmured : “ Killed outright !
It has cost me the life of my only son ;
But the battle is fought, and the victory won ;
The will of the Lord, let it be done ! ”

God pity the cheerless Widow Gray,
And send from the halls of eternal day
The light of his peace to illumine her way.

[Southern.]





A WOMAN OF THE WAR.

BY ROSSITER JOHNSON.

[The tenderly pathetic story told in this poem is true. Its heroine was Margaret Augusta Peterson, a volunteer nurse in St. Mary's Hospital at Rochester, New York. She died in the manner related, on the first of September, 1864, and lies buried in Mount Hope Cemetery, Rochester, as does also the young surgeon, her lover.—EDITOR.]

THROUGH the sombre arch of that gateway tower
Where my humblest townsman rides at last,
You may spy the bells of a nodding flower,
On a double mound that is thickly grassed.

And between the spring and the summer time,
Or ever the lilac's bloom is shed,
When they come with banners and wreaths and rhyme,
To deck the tombs of the nation's dead,

They find there a little flag in the grass,
And fling a handful of roses down,
And pause a moment before they pass
To the captain's grave with the gilded crown.

But if perchance they seek to recall
What name, what deeds, these honors declare,
They cannot tell, they are silent all
As the noiseless harebell nodding there.

She was tall, with an almost manly grace,
And young, with strange wisdom for one so young,
And fair with more than a woman's face ;
With dark, deep eyes, and a mirthful tongue.

The poor and the fatherless knew her smile ;
The friend in sorrow had seen her tears ;
She had studied the ways of the rough world's guile,
And read the romance of historic years.

What she might have been in these times of ours,
At once it is easy and hard to guess ;
For always a riddle are half-used powers,
And always a power is lovingness.

But her fortunes fell upon evil days—
If days are evil when evil dies,—
And she was not one who could stand at gaze
Where the hopes of humanity fall and rise.

Nor could she dance to the viol's tune,
When the drum was throbbing throughout the land,
Or dream in the light of the summer moon
When Treason was clenching his mailèd hand.

Through the long gray hospital's corridor
She journeyed many a mournful league,
And her light foot fell on the oaken floor
As if it never could know fatigue.

She stood by the good old surgeon's side,
And the sufferers smiled as they saw her stand ;
She wrote, and the mothers marvelled and cried
At their darling soldiers' feminine hand.

She was last in the ward when the lights burned low,
And sleep called a truce to his foeman Pain ;
At the midnight cry she was first to go,
To bind up the bleeding wound again.

For sometimes the wreck of a man would rise,
Weird and gaunt in the watch-lamp's gleam,
And tear away bandage and splints and ties,
Fighting the battle all o'er in his dream.

No wonder the youngest surgeon felt
A charm in the presence of that brave soul,
Through weary weeks, as she nightly knelt
With the letter from home or the doctor's dole.

He heard her called, and he heard her blessed,
With many a patriot's parting breath ;
And ere his soul to itself confessed,
Love leaped to life in those vigils of death.

" Oh, fly to your home ! " came a whisper dread,
" For now the pestilence walks by night. "
" The greater the need of me here, " she said,
And bared her arm for the lancet's bite.

Was there death, green death, in the atmosphere ?
Was the bright steel poisoned ? Who can tell !
Her weeping friends gathered beside her bier,
And the clergyman told them all was well.

Well—alas that it should be so !
When a nation's debt reaches reckoning-day—
Well for it to be able, but woe
To the generation that 's called to pay !

Down from the long gray hospital came
Every boy in blue who could walk the floor ;
The sick and the wounded, the blind and the lame,
Formed two long files from her father's door.

There was grief in many a manly breast,
While men's tears fell as the coffin passed ;
And thus she went to the world of rest,
Martial and maidenly up to the last.

And that youngest surgeon, was he to blame?—

He held the lancet—Heaven only knows.

No matter ; his heart broke all the same,

And he laid him down, and never arose.

So Death received, in his greedy hand,

Two precious coins of the awful price

That purchased freedom for this dear land—

For master and bondman—yea, bought it twice.

Such fates too often such women are for !

God grant the Republic a large increase,

To match the heroes in time of war,

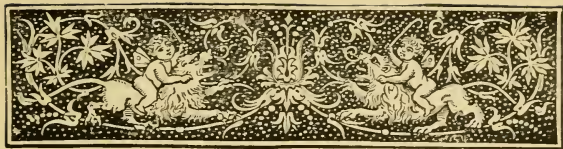
And mother the children in time of peace.





GLORY HALLELUJAH! OR, JOHN BROWN'S BODY.

[The strong hold which this song and the three which follow it ("Marching thro' Georgia," "The Battle-Cry of Freedom" and "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp") had upon the favor of the Union soldiers during the war entitles them to insertion here in spite of their lack of poetic merit. The critics, from the time of Mr. Richard Grant White's collection until now, have condemned them as doggerel, but songs that were sung with enthusiasm by all the soldiers of the republic during the dark years of the Civil War cannot be denied the possession of merit, whether criticism is able to recognize it or not.—EDITOR.]



GLORY HALLELUJAH! OR JOHN BROWN'S
BODY.

JOHN BROWN'S body lies a-mould'ring in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave,
His soul is marching on!

Chorus.—Glory! Glory Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory Hallelujah!
His soul is marching on.

He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord!
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord!
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord!
His soul is marching on.—*Chorus.*

John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back.
His soul is marching on.—*Chorus.*

His pet lambs will meet him on the way,
And they 'll go marching on.—*Chorus.*

They 'll hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree,
As they go marching on.—*Chorus.*

Now for the Union let 's give three rousing cheers,
As we go marching on.
Hip, hip, hip, hip, Hurrah !





MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

BRING the good old bugle, boys ! we 'll sing another song—
Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along—
Sing it as we used to sing it fifty thousand strong,
While we were marching through Georgia.

Chorus.—"Hurrah ! Hurrah ! we bring the jubilee !
Hurrah ! Hurrah ! the flag that makes you
free !"
So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea,
While we were marching through Georgia.

How the darkeys shouted when they heard the joyful
sound !
How the turkeys gobbled which our commissary found !
How the sweet potatoes even started from the ground,
While we were marching through Georgia.—*Chorus.*

Yes, and there were Union men who wept with joyful
tears,
When they saw the honor'd flag they had not seen for
years ;

Hardly could they be restrained from breaking forth in
cheers,

While we were marching through Georgia.—*Chorus.*

“Sherman’s dashing Yankee boys will never reach the
coast !”

So the saucy rebels said—and ’t was a handsome boast,
Had they not forgot, alas ! to reckon on a host,

While we were marching through Georgia.—*Chorus.*

So we made a thoroughfare for Freedom and her train,
Sixty miles in latitude—three hundred to the main ;
Treason fled before us, for resistance was in vain,

While we were marching through Georgia.—*Chorus.*





THE BATTLE-CRY OF FREEDOM.

YES, we 'll rally round the flag, boys, we 'll rally once
again,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom,
We will rally from the hill-side, we 'll gather from the
plain,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.

Chorus.—The Union forever, hurrah ! boys, hurrah,
Down with the traitor, up with the star,
While we rally round the flag, boys, rally once
again,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.

We are springing to the call of our brothers gone before,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom,
And we 'll fill the vacant ranks with a million freemen
more,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.—*Chorus.*

We will welcome to our numbers the loyal, true, and
brave,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom,
And altho' they may be poor, not a man shall be a slave,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.—*Chorus.*

So we 're springing to the call from the East and from
the West,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom,
And we 'll hurl the rebel crew from the land we love the
best,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.—*Chorus.*





TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP.

I N the prison cell I sit,
Thinking, mother dear, of you,
And our bright and happy home so far away,
And the tears they fill my eyes,
Spite of all that I can do,
Tho' I try to cheer my comrades and be gay.

Chorus.—Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,
Oh, cheer up, comrades, they will come,
And beneath the starry flag we shall breathe
the air again,
Of freedom in our own beloved home.

In the battle front we stood
When the fiercest charge they made,
And they swept us off a hundred men or more,
But before we reached their lines
They were beaten back dismayed,
And we heard the cry of vict'ry o'er and o'er.—*Chorus.*

So within the prison cell
We are waiting for the day
That shall come to open wide the iron door,
And the hollow eye grows bright,
And the poor heart almost gay.
As we think of seeing friends and home
once more.—*Chorus.*

END OF VOL. II.



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